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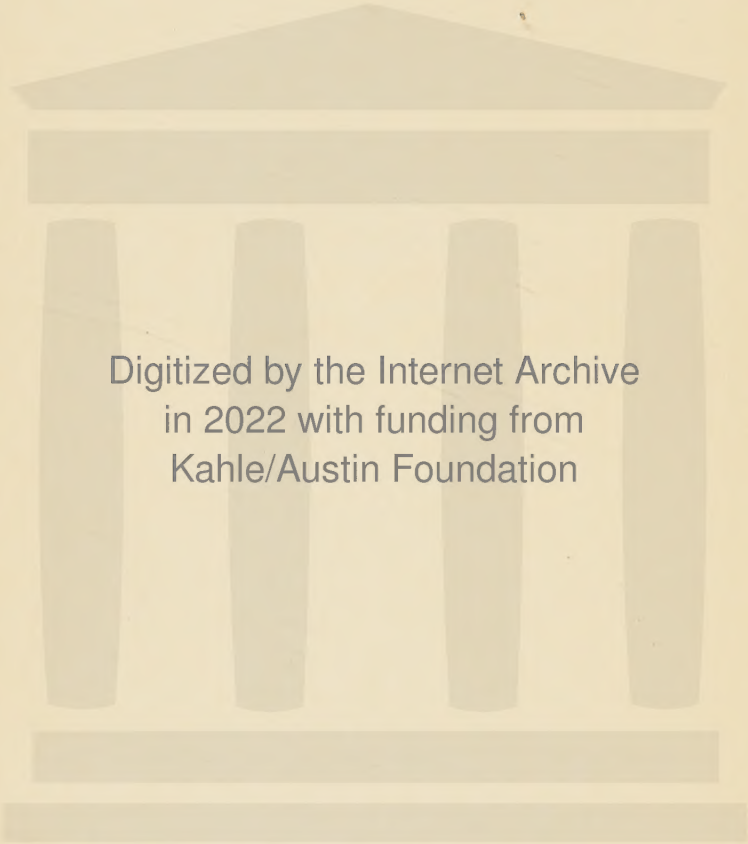
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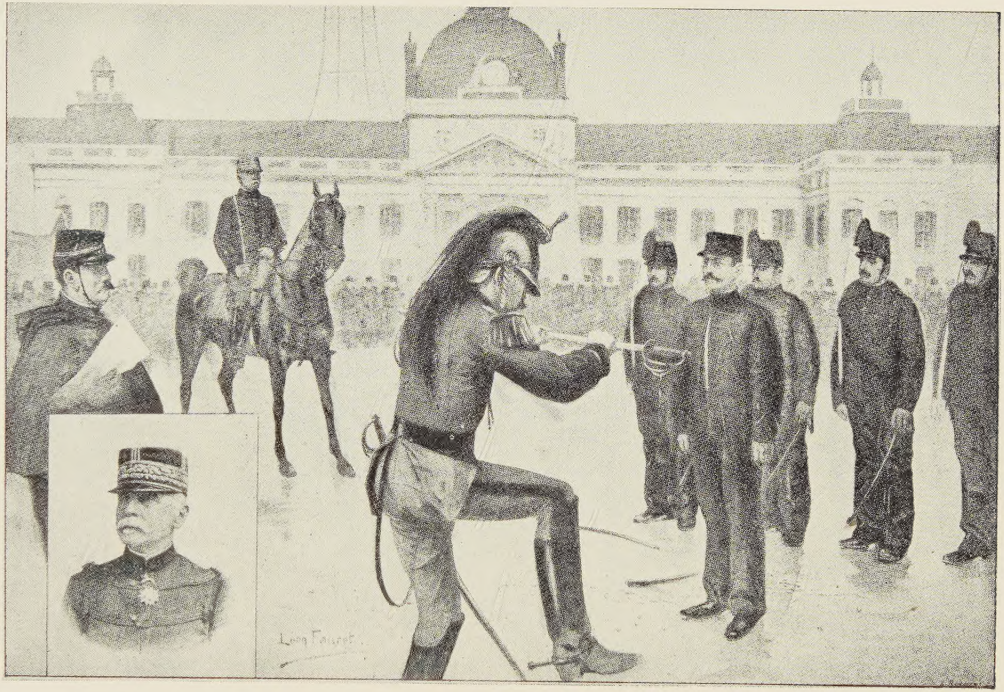
The Tragedy of Alfred Dreyfus



Breaking the sword at Dreyfus's degradation.

D77z.k

TRAITOR! TRAITOR!

The Tragedy of Alfred Dreyfus

BY

JOHNSTON D. KERKHOFF

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For
Ellen and Allan

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PART ONE

I

THE SUMMONS

THE children had gone to bed; little Pierre marching briskly from the room like a soldier; the baby, Jeanne, tottering after him, gurgling, waving chubby arms to maintain her balance, but supremely confident that she was as expert as her brother in things military.

Lucie and Alfred Dreyfus watched them with adoring eyes. "My babies," Lucie said softly. "Our babies. Are they not adorable, Alfred? Are they not wonderful?"

"They are wonderful," he agreed. "And that little Pierre; do you see how he mimics me? He will be a soldier some day, that one."

"Do you wish that for him, Alfred?"

"That is for him to decide, but I should like him to follow his father, yet at times I am doubtful. . . ."

Lucie asked anxiously, "The communication—it is worrying you?"

"My dear one, why should it worry me? It is the usual thing. The War Office simply notifies me to appear for general inspection Monday morning."

"But you have been troubled by it. I have watched you during the evening."

Alfred Dreyfus stood up, warming his hands at the fire, his shoulders slightly stooped despite the years of military training. The firelight cast dancing shadows over his brilliant uniform. He carefully adjusted his eye-glasses, smoothed his red, sweeping moustache. A look of puzzlement was on his face, a face that rarely smiled.

"Well, it is rather strange. I cannot quite understand it. General inspection is not held in the morning as a rule and the communication specifically ordered that I appear in civilian clothes. We have always worn our uniforms, you know."

Lucie laughed softly. "You army men! You shy at anything new. You have been fretting all evening because you must wear civilian clothes tomorrow at general inspection. You are a fine one, my husband; so easily depressed. I adore you!"

She did adore him and she would always adore him. And he would always adore her, this tall, beautiful woman who stood just a little above him because he could not rid himself of that stoop. They knew their love would last, but what they did not know, as they stood there together in the firelight, was the terrible test to which their love would be put before two more evenings alone had passed.

"It is, of course, foolish to be depressed," said Captain Dreyfus. "Let us forget it."

"You finish your book," Lucie suggested. "I have

some sewing to do. And do not spoil our week-end by worrying."

He sat close to the fire, his book in his lap. No, he would not spoil their week-end. Probably Lucie was right; he was fretting over something that had no significance; and she was right, too, about army officers hating changes in routine. But it was peculiar having inspection in the morning . . . and not in uniform. Smart, that little Pierre, saluting when he left the room. Wholesome little chap dreaming about being a soldier. Made him think of his own boyhood days back in Mulhouse; the troops clattering through the streets while a round-eyed eleven-year-old pressed his face against the window and watched, his heart pounding with excitement.

II

What exciting days those were. What exciting talk, of cannon and cavalry, of meadows turned into bloody battlefields, of orchards laid bare and left to wither away as the invader marched on, always ahead, storming the fortresses, scorning the desperately thin ranks that feebly blocked the way to Paris. The boy, Alfred, liked to listen to the talk of his father and his older brothers and picture himself in the thick of this glorious life, a dashing figure in colorful uniform, mounted on a noble charger, leading his men into battle and stemming the tide.

But those were terrible days in 1870–71 and young Alfred realized it in time. As the days went by and his fathers and brothers no longer smiled and the German hordes swept on and on, the excited pounding of his heart was stilled by the cloud of gloom over the house in which he had known only cheerfulness. That same gloom had settled over all Mulhouse, over all Alsace, over all France, and gradually it bred a hatred of all things German that was to endure through another war of which the world then did not even dream.

How vividly he remembered the day when Napoleon III. bowed to the invaders at Sedan; the terrible day, four months later, when Paris, starving, blood flowing in its streets, surrendered. The sword of Bismarck was sheathed then, but not until it had cut greedily into the shambles and had appropriated Alsace and Lorraine as its slice of victory. There was then real bitterness in the town of Mulhouse, where the boy, Alfred, had come to hate with a hatred that was everlasting. Years later, when his own country had wronged him as the invaders from Germany never had, Alfred Dreyfus was to say: "My first sad impression, of which the painful souvenir has never faded from my memory, was the war of 1870."

War does not, as a rule, make lasting impressions on boys of eleven, but Alfred was not as other boys. He played at soldiers with his friends and got into scrapes and got out of them, and was happy and miserable all

in a day. But these days of play were rare. His was a Jewish family that was sufficient unto itself; the sun rose and the sun set for the Dreyfus family in its own house in Mulhouse and with this the boy, Alfred, was content.

Because he was happy to remain at home, because he was happy bending over his books, he was an outcast, in a way, to the boys of his age. He played with them because all boys must play, but he was happier in the classroom and this they could not understand. They could not understand that it thrilled him to solve a particularly difficult problem in arithmetic and because they could not solve it they turned against him. "That Jew," they said, as though that explained everything; and when they proved better than he at games they were triumphant.

Alfred did not mind. He was glad, as a rule, when the games were over and he could return to his home. Rarely did a boy accompany him. Alfred did not care; he preferred his brothers, his sisters, his mother and father to all the playmates in Alsace.

He must have thought of his mother and sisters in later years when another woman, thousands of miles away, was keeping life in his tortured soul—and there was a devotion between his father, brothers and himself of which no man need be ashamed, but many are. Small wonder then that young Alfred was the home-loving

type, quiet, studious, always the best in the class; one of those fortunate and, at the same time, sad beings to whom friends are but extra things in life.

To such as the Dreyfus family the spot on which stands their home, be it castle or hut, is a part of them, and that is why there was sadness in Mulhouse when this word came from the war lords over the peace table: "Choose whether you shall be French or whether you shall be German." Of Germans and French there were many in Alsace, but the hearts and souls of the majority were bound up in France. Even Alfred, young though he was, passionately loved France and he talked so much of the injustice of the invaders and of what he should do when his day came to right a terrible wrong that his family called him Don Quixote.

Most of Alsace talked as did Alfred, but there were thousands who writhed under the rule of Germany and could not go into the exile that was offered to them because all they owned or hoped to own was in Alsace.

The years ahead of them were to be filled with bitterness, but to live they must bow their heads to the victorious invader. The Dreyfus family, well-to-do owners of a cotton spinning factory, faced this dismal future, but love of France was uppermost. The father, Raphael, chose to remain a Frenchman and it was decided to leave but one of the family behind in Mulhouse to carry on the factory. Jacob, the eldest son, would remain.

Those were exciting days for young Alfred. His mother and sisters busy with packing; the long, delicious talks about the wonders of Paris where they were going; the trading of plans with the hundreds of others who were bidding good-bye to peaceful Mulhouse, some to go to Paris, too, others to travel far to the south, all leaving dearest possessions behind that they might remain French men and women.

Alfred did not say good-bye. The last days were sad and as the spires of Mulhouse faded in the distance nostalgia gripped him. To return some day, to return and restore Mulhouse and all Alsace to France, that was his boyish hope. And so he said *au revoir;* he would see Mulhouse again; it was not good-bye.

The devil must have grinned then and whispered: "Yes, Alfred, you shall come back many times and with the same hatred for the invader you feel now. But you shall pay for coming back, pay with years of torment."

* * *

The boy, Alfred, had only a glimpse of Paris; then they sent him back to Mulhouse to be with Jacob, hoping that he might show an aptitude for business. He showed none. Then he was sent to Carpentras, to the beautiful estate of his married sister, and there he was happy for a time; he was happy while there were no thoughts of a business future, but when his sister suggested the army he became interested.

"Surely," she said, "there should be at least one officer in our family when the day comes for France to seek its vengeance."

He was impressed and he asked permission to return to Paris, there to prepare himself to become a soldier.

III

Paris! Seven years of Paris and the Dreyfus family long ago had settled down to the new life, once more sufficient unto itself, although longing for the peace and quiet of its own Mulhouse. But Alfred was delighted and as he watched the soldiers strutting along the boulevards he found them as fascinating as if not more fascinating than the troops that clattered through the quaint old streets of Mulhouse.

He was but eighteen then and he saw only the glamour of a career in the army; it was a natural reaction of youth at that time, and he was the chosen one of the family. It was with fluttering heart and high hopes that in 1878 he enrolled in the *École Polytechnique*, the national military academy of France.

He had not studied in vain in his youth. In two years' time he was at Fontainebleau, a pupil sublieutenant in the military school. Two more years and he was at Le Mans, a full-fledged Lieutenant in the 31st Regiment, Artillery, and in 1883 he was back in Paris again in the Independent Cavalry.

Alfred Dreyfus before his arrest.

The youthful Lieutenant was very sure of the future; he saw a brilliant career ahead of him; he had worked hard and, once more in the gay capital, he seems to have relaxed, to have withdrawn from the shell of aloofness that marked him even as a boy. Certainly there was plenty for a handsome young officer to do in Paris and it was only human that Lieutenant Dreyfus should have heeded the call of the boulevards and cafés. But there are men who want to play and cannot, men who are handsome, intelligent, wealthy, but are not of the mixing kind. Dreyfus was one of these.

Do not picture him as a hermit; he was far from that. Picture him, rather, as one who did not especially desire the gay things of life, but who was at the age at which he thought he should desire them and was hurt when he was not included in the hilarious parties of which his brother officers boasted. There were three reasons why he stood alone. First, because he did not encourage friendships; second, because the extra money which he received from his father aroused the jealousy of officers trying to live on their army pay; and, third, because he was a Jew.

He was young and he was envious, then, of what his more gregarious companions were pleased to call "life," and he donned finally the armor that all men down through the ages have used; he boasted of "affairs" and of the sums he won and lost in the gaming houses. How much truth there was in those youthful verbal

struttings only Dreyfus knew. In later years, it is true, there were to be accusations, insinuations, rumors, concerning a pretty married woman, Mme. Bodson, but imagination alone accounted for most of the Don Juan portraits Dreyfus painted of himself.

He liked, while walking the boulevards, to bow to an attractive woman and say to the officer with him, "Ah, that is Mlle. So and So. I have lost plenty at her house." He had not lost a franc, because he was not a gambler, but he thought and he wished that his companion would look upon him as a man of the world. Again he was disappointed, for the companion would believe, but envy would be in his heart for this man who did not have to worry about debts and envy always closes the door to friendship.

Dreyfus plunged back into his work and in 1889 he was promoted to a captaincy. It was as Captain Dreyfus that he met Mlle. Lucie Eugenie Hadamard, daughter of a wealthy diamond merchant. They were engaged almost immediately and a year later they were married.

IV

Lucie Dreyfus! A beautiful woman, tall and majestic. She had luxuriant hair, done high on her head. She had large, soft eyes that gave no hint of the firmness, the courage, that was hers. An easy-going, home-loving woman, you would have said, and you would have been

right. But the name of Lucie Dreyfus was to be on the lips of the world; missionaries in faraway Africa were to speak it; trappers in the snow-swept wilds of Canada were to speak it and not with compassion, but with admiration.

Dreyfus, the silent, the aloof, was publicly proud of his bride and Lucie Dreyfus's adoring eyes were heaven to the man who could not make friends. They were a handsome couple; the striking Lucie and the handsome Captain, now proudly grown to the state in which a glowing moustache announced that youth had been left behind. It was a red moustache, more luxuriant than his very dark hair that was to turn gray and white before many years had passed. The moustache and his eye-glasses added years to his appearance, but they could not entirely conceal the youth that persisted in his clean-shaven face, his firm chin and sparkling blue eyes.

Dreyfus entered once more into the home life that had been a part of him since boyhood and with the coming of a son and a daughter and the purchase of his own home in the Avenue du Trocadéro the outside world rarely saw him except at the offices of the General Staff, to which he had been promoted, the first Jew to be so honored.

The pathway lay clear to higher honors; not a cloud dimmed the horizon in so far as Dreyfus could see. He did not know that each day at the War Office was making him more unpopular; he did not know that his su-

periors scowled as he passed by because he had more money than they; he did not know that his avid interest in his work, his everlasting questions of men who knew more than he, were slowly pushing him to the edge of the abyss.

He realized none of this, and he would come home each evening and talk enthusiastically of his work and hold little Pierre on his knee, or he would sit contentedly by the fireside and read while Lucie, always near by, sewed. Each Sunday evening they went to the home of Lucie's parents, who had accepted Dreyfus as one of their own and who, in turn, were loved by him as he loved his family.

"All that renders life happy seemed to smile upon me," Dreyfus was to write later. The only cloud during those happy years was the promised visit to his old home in Mulhouse. He went back as excited as a child, but as he drew near to the town with all its sad memories of war, the old hatred of the invader returned. Somehow, it had lain dormant during the years in Paris.

As he lay in his bed in the same old house the night of his arrival and heard the German bands playing in the streets they made his blood boil. He tore at the sheets with his teeth and cursed those who had stolen his Alsace. And the devil laughed again.

But back in Paris that bitter night was forgotten and he returned to his work with the eagerness that had been his in his long-ago school days. Other officers on the Gen-

eral Staff were like his schoolmates of those days; they could not understand him, but they were curious concerning his life and they called to see his family and to envy his luxuries.

Dreyfus did not return the calls; he did not care for friends and he no longer desired the social life that he knew would interfere with his career. He simply sent cards.

"That Jew," said his fellow officers. And although he had earned the post that was his they said he must have had influence to rise so quickly to the General Staff.

Dreyfus knew none of this, yet some subconscious sense should have warned him when he received the War Office communication. But he was not warned; he was only puzzled.

II

THE ARREST

"EXCELLENT. My boy, you salute like a veteran."

Little Pierre laughed and his face glowed with pleasure. Praise from his father was praise indeed. "But I wish," he said, "that you had on your uniform." He was very proud of his father's uniform with its braid and buttons and he didn't care a bit for the immaculate civilian clothes Captain Dreyfus wore the morning of October 15, 1894.

"Kiss your father, Pierre," said Lucie. "He must hurry."

The boy lifted his face and Dreyfus took him in his arms. Was there no warning even then of what awaited him? Did he sense that those little arms would not wind themselves around his neck again for many years to come? No, there was no warning; now that the day was at hand he had ceased to puzzle over the communication. He waved cheerfully to his family, grouped in the doorway, and he was whistling as he walked briskly away.

It was cold and his hands stung as he entered the War Office. He was so busy rubbing them that he did not

Mme. Dreyfus and her children, Jeanne and Pierre.

notice the strained expression on Colonel Picquart's face nor the haste with which the Colonel ushered him into the office of Commandant du Paty de Clam, the dandy of the Headquarters Staff. No eye-glasses for him; no, a monocle squeezed into his right eye. No flowing moustache; no, a moustache as luxuriant as Dreyfus's, but waxed at the ends and pointing upwards like rapiers. A little man, a slender man, slightly bald. A floorwalker made into an army officer by a dazzling uniform. He was a puppet beside the handsomeness and bulk of Picquart.

"I have a letter to write and I have a sore finger," the commandant faltered. "Will you kindly write it for me?" he appealed to Dreyfus, who willingly sat down at a small table, noting with surprise that all the writing materials had been laid out. But it was not a Captain's place to ask why of the commandant.

Commandant du Paty sat down. Then he got up. Nervously he began dictating, his beady little eyes fixed on Dreyfus's right hand.

"Ha, your hand trembles!"

Dreyfus glanced up in surprise. He was not proud of his handwriting and he thought it was that to which the fussy little man was objecting. He went on.

"Your hand trembles!" du Paty exclaimed again, more vehemently.

"It is, perhaps, the cold," apologized Dreyfus. "It is chilly outside."

But the commandant was not to be put off. "Please to pay attention," he said sharply. "This is a serious matter." Then he continued to dictate; strange sentences about guns, troops, Madagascar. What it was all about Dreyfus did not know, did not even try to guess; his sole thought was to do this unpleasant task as quickly as possible.

Du Paty became calmer; he sat down to finish the dictation, but he did not take his eyes from Dreyfus's hand.

"That is all," he said finally, and jumped to his feet. With a theatrical flourish he placed his hand on the bewildered Captain's shoulder and cried: "In the name of the law I arrest you for the crime of high treason!"

Dreyfus's mouth fell open. He attempted to rise and fell back in his chair. "Treason! Treason! I do not understand. I . . ."

"Say no more," warned du Paty; he flourished his hand again and two men swept aside a curtain at one end of the room and rushed forward.

"We must search you," cried M. Cochefert, the chief of detectives, and proceeded to do so, thoroughly and importantly.

"But I am innocent! I am innocent, I tell you!" Dreyfus protested. "Tell me, at least, the proofs."

"They are overwhelming," chorused du Paty and Cochefert, and would say no more.

Nauseated, bewildered, crying out his innocence of

the one charge he had heard, treason, Dreyfus was hurried from the building between Cochefert and another detective; in front of them strode Lieutenant Colonel Henry, of the Intelligence Department.

"Where are we bound?" asked Dreyfus. "At least allow me to communicate with my wife."

"Impossible," said Henry. "Out of the question. We are taking you, Captain, to the military prison in the Rue du Cherche-Midi."

The prison gates swung open to admit them; closed behind them. Then they were in the prison offices, where Henry held a whispered conversation with the authorities. But only for a minute; Dreyfus was whisked away into the bowels of the prison, into a dungeon-like cell, without his name being entered on the prison books.

"Everything must be kept secret," Henry whispered over and over again. He stood for a few moments, gazing through the bars at Dreyfus hunched on his cot. "A good day's work. Excellent work. France has been saved."

"Is it, then, such an important case?" asked Major Forzinetti, governor of the prison.

"Important?" Henry's eloquent gesture said that if the governor but knew all! "I cannot reveal what I know," he said mysteriously. "Everything must be kept secret. Important? Ha!"

He marched away, puffing with excitement. Ah, Colonel Henry, you really know no more than Major For-

zinetti; if you did know, if you could see what is ahead of you for this day's "excellent work," you would willingly turn back and change places with the wretch you have just left in his cell.

"I appeal to you!" cried Dreyfus to the governor as Henry departed. "I must communicate with my wife."

"It is forbidden," said Forzinetti. "I have my orders."

"Pen and paper then that I may write to her," begged Dreyfus.

"It is forbidden."

"Cannot my family be summoned here, then?"

And again, "It is forbidden."

"I should advise, Captain, that you lie down and rest," the governor continued kindly. "You are upset; you must compose yourself."

"I am innocent, I tell you!"

"Ah, that is what they all say."

"I am accused of treason, I, Captain Dreyfus of the Headquarters Staff!"

"It is bad," admitted the governor. "I do not understand it all, but I have my orders." He walked away, shaking his head in perplexity. He would like to know more about this mysterious affair. All he knew was that an officer had picked out the cell for Dreyfus, had ordered that the prisoner see no one, should have no writing materials and should be given the fare of an ordinary criminal. The governor had interfered there; it was illegal, he said. He knew the charge was treason, but he

wasn't impressed by Henry's insinuations. He didn't think much of Henry; in fact, he didn't think much of any of the military chieftains.

* * *

For hours Dreyfus sat in his cell, while just outside—he could see them through the barred windows—convicted criminals tramped up and down, their monotonous chanting seeping in to the man who that morning had whistled as he strode from his home. For hours Dreyfus sat there, unable to comprehend what terrible thing had befallen him. He, a traitor; he, a soldier, to be branded as a betrayer of his country! He knew not why, he knew not on what evidence. They said his fingers had trembled and then they had arrested him and thrown him into this dungeon. Why? Why? Why?

A picture forced its way into his racing brain. He saw Lucie bending over the crib. He saw little Pierre lifting up his face for a good-bye kiss. And then all the awfulness of his plight swept over him, engulfing him, and he was like a man insane. He wept, he screamed and he beat his head against the iron bars.

"I am innocent! Before God, I am innocent!"

The keepers came running. They sought to quiet him. He shrieked at them and they paled when they saw the madness in his bloodshot eyes. Governor Forzinetti came then and in soothing words he gradually calmed the stricken Captain, who fell into an exhausted slumber, only to wake through the long night, trembling, chok-

ing from his nightmares. Then back and forth he paced in his cell, with always that same word screaming in his thoughts: *Why? Why? Why?*

II

In an apartment in the Avenue du Trocadéro a woman wept before the fire. It was evening and she could weep. All day she had kept a brave front, for Pierre must not know. Little Jeanne would not understand the terrible thing that had happened, but she would weep, too, were she to see her mother in sorrow.

There had been a caller that night to see Lucie. He would come other nights also, for he was very busy, was Commandant du Paty, saving France.

The news had been broken to Lucie. Brutally du Paty had said, "Your husband is a traitor. He is now in prison," and when Lucie cried out, asking a thousand questions, begging that she be taken to him, du Paty had warned her that she must know nothing, that she must keep silent.

"Your husband's fate hinges on you, madame. Only by remaining silent can he be saved."

"But he is my husband! I love him! I must see him!"

"Why should you worry about him?" demanded du Paty, and added savagely, "He has been unfaithful to you as well as to his country."

It was as a blow in the face, but Lucie cried loyally: "That is a lie! That is a terrible lie!"

"The proofs are overwhelming," said du Paty, using his favorite phrase. "But I warn you; not a word of this to any one. France must be saved!"

With that he was gone, only to return other nights, coaxing, browbeating, lying, endeavoring always to wring something from Lucie that could be added to the evidence against Dreyfus.

"Where is papa?" little Pierre would ask. "Papa, papa," Jeanne would echo. And Lucie would take them in her arms and tell them long and convincing stories about the trip their papa had to take for the army. But sometimes Pierre was not convinced and his lip would tremble and he would say he missed his papa very much. Then was Lucie's torment nearly unbearable.

III

SPIES AND PLOTS

THE terrible days dragged by. Dreyfus lay on his cot, paced his tiny dungeon, gripped the iron bars of his cage or stared with unseeing eyes through the grating into the courtyard where men doomed to many years of exile from the world were enjoying, briefly at least, the sunshine that pierced the gloom of the prison. Inside there were only darkness and a horrible silence broken at intervals by the cries of some other wretch or the clanging of great doors and the clattering of keys.

If only he had some one with whom he could talk; some one who would listen so that he would not go mad. Each morning he eagerly welcomed his keepers; he asked them about the weather; he pleaded for pen and paper; he sought to lead them into conversation about anything, however trivial, so that he would feel he was not yet dead. But they shook their heads, stared at him dumbly. They did not tell him they were forbidden to talk and it was not until Major Forzinetti broke this news that he realized the slow torture his accusers had devised for him.

Du Paty came each evening. The commandant was

in his element. At some time in his life he had heard that great detectives always took their prisoners by surprise and he thought up fantastic parlor tricks to wring a confession from Dreyfus.

Dictation was his favorite. He would appear suddenly at dusk, accompanied by his clerk, would dash into Dreyfus's cell, hand pen and paper to him and say, "Please to take this dictation." The bewildered Captain, thankful to have something to occupy his hands, would obey. Then would follow a hodgepodge of words from the pompous du Paty; sentences about guns, about troops, something about Madagascar. If Dreyfus moved his head or shifted his feet, du Paty would cry out: "Ha, you are nervous! Your foot moves! You are alarmed!"

"I do not understand," Dreyfus would protest, but du Paty would silence him with a gesture. Suddenly he would order a dim light; he would show the prisoner a section of a paper he always carried and would demand, "Do you recognize the handwriting? It is yours, is it not?" and when Dreyfus would reach for the paper to study it, du Paty would leap back and exclaim dramatically, "Not yet! Not yet."

One night he came after Dreyfus was asleep. The iron door was opened softly, padded feet crept across the cell floor and a beam of light from a bull's-eye flashed into the sleeper's face. He sat up, startled, exclaiming, and du Paty chuckled: "See, he starts! He is guilty; of that there is no doubt."

Again, he ordered Dreyfus taken into a room lined with mirrors. He grilled the prisoner, dictated the same mysterious words to him, the while he pranced about like a dancing-master viewing Dreyfus from all angles in the mirrors and urging him to confess. "Tell us the truth now; all is known."

Fifteen maddening days passed and not a day went by that did not find Dreyfus wishing for death. In moments of temporary insanity, when he was driven wild by the antics of du Paty, he beat his head against the walls and had to be held down by his keepers. Afterwards, in his quieter moments, his consciousness warned him of these mad attempts. "You will be thought guilty if you die," he told himself. "You must live to shout your innocence to the world."

On the fifteenth day after his arrest du Paty gave up. With one more dramatic flourish he showed Dreyfus the paper from which he had dictated and demanded, "Did you write this?"

Dreyfus looked at it carefully, saw the familiar words that had puzzled him for so long and replied calmly, "I did not write this letter."

II

Let us leave Dreyfus staring at the incriminatory piece of paper that was the cause of all his misfortune and go back a month, to September, 1894.

There was great excitement in the War Office. Queen Victoria was not at all friendly towards the French Republic. Greedy Germany was licking her lips as she recalled the feast of 1870–71 and looked hungrily into the future. Italy was Germany's mistress, ready to follow blindly. Germany on the north; Italy on the south; England ready to come in from any direction. No wonder the French War Office was alarmed and no wonder it became hysterical over reports that its precious military secrets were finding their way into the hands of its enemies.

Those were the days of real, old-fashioned spying. No one was safe anywhere. You might be a simple peasant toiling your life away along the frontier, but you never knew whether the mysterious gentleman who boarded with you and paid you so handsomely was a spy or a Parisian shopkeeper resting from his duties in the country quiet. You might be a man of money, with a suite of offices, but you never knew whether the porter or the scrubwoman listened to your conversations, peeped through keyholes and went through your papers after you were gone for the day. France had worked itself up to the hysterical belief it was about to be betrayed once more and in Paris especially the spy system was operating feverishly.

One sunny day a very ragged charwoman, Mme. Bastian, entered a church for her daily devotions. No one looked at her, for who cared about a charwoman?

No one, that is, except a man whose sharp glances and general air of mystery exposed him immediately for what he was, a spy from the Intelligence Department. He took a seat beside the charwoman and quickly she slipped something into his hands. He moved away and out, then dashed with all speed to headquarters.

Arriving at the offices of the Intelligence Department he produced what the woman had given to him, a handful of torn pieces of paper. The Intelligence officers smacked their lips, got out the paste pots and went to work with all the enthusiasm of children playing with cut-out puzzles.

Even Colonel Sandherr, chief of the department, looked on with shining eyes, and as for Lieutenant Colonel Henry, his assistant, that worthy was almost beside himself. Ridiculous, of course, this childlike attitude, but understandable if you consider the ways of the French and the hysteria of the time. For those bearded men, aces of the republic's secret service, were not playing with ordinary pieces of paper for the joy of putting them together.

Their excitement was due to the fact that the pieces had come from the German Embassy, from a waste basket in the office of Colonel von Schwarzkoppen, the military attaché. The Colonel had been careless; he had torn the paper into bits and had tossed them into the basket. Perhaps his methodical German mind had not con-

ceived the possibility that the funny old woman who cleaned his offices was adding to her meagre income by delivering daily to the French War Office the contents of his waste basket.

For hours the members of the Intelligence Department worked with the bits of paper and when they were all pieced together there lay before them the brief note or schedule, the *bordereau*, that was to be read in all parts of the world. This is what they saw:

"Without news indicating that you wish to see me, I am sending you, nevertheless, sir, some interesting information:

"1. A note on the hydraulic brake of the 120 gun and on the way in which this piece behaved.

"2. A note on the covering of troops. Some modifications will be entailed by the new plan.

"3. A note on a modification in artillery formations.

"4. A note relative to Madagascar.

"5. The project for a Firing Manual for field artillery, March 14, 1894.

"This last document is extremely difficult to procure, and I can only have it at my disposal for a very few days. The Minister of War has sent a limited number of copies to the several corps, and these corps are responsible for it; each officer is to send his copy back after the manœuvres. If, therefore, you will take from it what interests you, and hold it afterward at my disposal, I will

take it, unless you should desire that I should have it copied *in extenso* and then send you the copy. I am about to go to the manœuvres."

Then was there a great stir in the War Office. Here, at last, was definite proof of a traitor. The document was shown to the Minister of War, General Mercier; the chief of the Headquarters Staff, General de Boisdeffre, and the Assistant Chief, General Gonse, and within a few hours the spy system was at work within the ranks. Day after day the investigations went, but in the end the great Intelligence Department knew no more than it did on the day the *bordereau* was pasted together. It believed, but did not know, that the traitor who wrote the *bordereau* was in the artillery; it believed, but did not know, that the traitor, because of the information he gave, was on the Headquarters Staff. Captain Dreyfus was in the artillery; Captain Dreyfus was on the Headquarters Staff.

And Captain Dreyfus had been asking many questions; yes, and he had been working at night at the War Office. Besides, there was something queer about the man himself, so aloof. And where did he get his money? It was obvious that he could not live as luxuriously as he did on his army salary.

And he was a Jew.

Ah! he was a Jew. And the newspapers were devoted to anti-Semitic attacks; there had been mob violence.

France always would rail against a traitor and if that traitor were a Jew . . .

But the War Office tried to be fair. It summoned several handwriting experts and gave to them samples of Dreyfus's handwriting and the *bordereau*. Had Dreyfus written the *bordereau?*

"No," said the experts.

Then the War Office ceased to be fair. It summoned M. Bertillon, chief of the identification department of the Prefecture of Police. Had Dreyfus written the *bordereau?*

"Yes," said M. Bertillon, and it was he who was believed; it was he who caused Dreyfus to be thrown into the military prison in the Rue du Cherche Midi.

III

Dreyfus grew thin, his face was white and his eyes were bloodshot. He had convulsions in his sleep and rolled from the cot to the floor where he lay, his body twitching. For nine days he refused all food, drinking only beef tea and a little wine with sugar. Major Forzinetti, a mulatto incidentally, was the only humane being with whom he came in contact. The Major grew worried as days passed and his prisoner's condition bordered closely on insanity; furthermore, he had become convinced that Dreyfus was innocent. He went to Min-

ister of War Mercier to report that death might snatch the War Department's traitor at any moment.

But Mercier could not be bothered. His niece was to be married that day and the General must attend. Forzinetti saw General de Boisdeffre.

"Ah," said the General, "and what do you think of this man? He is guilty, is he not?"

"I can say, without hesitation, that I believe Captain Dreyfus to be innocent," responded Forzinetti. Boisdeffre was annoyed; he paced up and down the room mumbling to himself. After all, it was not this man's place to challenge the opinions of the military chieftains. So he muttered, quite overlooking the fact that he had asked Forzinetti for his opinion and had got it, a very honest one from a man who had observed prisoners, both guilty and innocent, for many years.

"Well," said the General, "the Minister is out of Paris today and has given me full power to act while he is gone. Dreyfus is in a bad way, you say. I suppose we must have a doctor in to see him."

"It would be advisable, General."

"Send the prison doctor to him, then. And see that he is kept alive until the Minister returns. Then the Minister may decide what is best to do."

So they kept Dreyfus alive. They gave him soothing drugs and under their influence he was induced to take food. But, although he pleaded each day, no attorney was permitted to consult with him; Lucie could not

come to him, could not even write. Nor could he pour out his heart to her through letters. His was solitary confinement, the penalty of a convicted criminal, although no formal charge had been filed.

Not a move was made by the men who had sent him to his dungeon to bring him to trial. One can only guess how long they would have kept him there had not some boastful officer, becoming confidential over his champagne, let drop a few hints that a traitor had been uncovered in the army. Gradually rumors were set afloat, the newspapers heard them and published sensational conjectures.

"Look among the Dreyfuses, the Meyers and the Levys," advised a letter to the *Libre Parole,* telling of the discovery of a traitor. A second letter named Dreyfus and warned that "all Israel is astir." Slowly the few facts were brought to light and the story of Dreyfus's arrest was given to the public in vivid melodrama. All France read eagerly; here was something that the most simple peasant could comprehend. A traitor in the War Office! A traitor selling the nation's military secrets to hated Germany! and the traitor was a Jew! Ah, what did we say? The "I-told-you-so" people were gleeful. You will open the country to the Jews, will you? Now look at us; betrayed; all our secrets known; the enemy may pounce at any moment. Down with the traitor! Down with the Jew!

It was as bad as that—and worse. Imaginations knew

no limitations. It was said and it was published "on the best of authority" that war was imminent. Loud were the demands for the recall of the German Ambassador; Russia was involved, too. Yes, and if the War Office told only half of what it knew all Europe would be plunged into blood.

Through it all the powers in the War Office sat at their desks. Not one word did they speak to hush the absurd stories that were sweeping through the nation. They well knew how weak was their case against the prisoner in the Cherche Midi, although they must have believed him guilty; and they sat back and permitted a sensational press and a country's hysteria to bolster their case for them.

Not until November 1 did General Mercier announce his intention of bringing Dreyfus to trial and a month passed before the Military Governor of Paris signed the order for the trial. Then and only then was the prisoner permitted communication with the outside world.

His first thought was of Lucie and to her he wrote a letter, which was carefully read by the authorities. He said little of the seven weeks of horror, for now that he was to face his accusers he had a new grip on life. "The truth will come to light at last. My conscience is calm and tranquil; it reproaches me with nothing." He longed for her; he longed for the children. "I embrace you a thousand times, for I love you, I adore you. A thousand

kisses to the children. I dare not speak more to you of them; tears come to my eyes when I think of them."

The day before the trial all his confidence returned and he wrote happily to Lucie: "I am ready to appear before soldiers as a soldier who has nothing to reproach himself with. They will see my face, they will read my soul, they will gain the conviction of my innocence, like all those who know me. Think only of the joy which will be ours when we find ourselves in one another's arms. A thousand kisses."

"They will read my soul!" What an innocent was the prisoner in the Cherche Midi!

IV

THE TRIAL

DECEMBER the nineteenth. Outside the Cherche Midi prison great crowds were gathered, filling the air with their cries. "Down with the traitor!" "*Vive l'Armée!*" The last was for the military lords, arriving in state, resplendent in their full dress uniforms and medals. Police and soldiers rode through the crowds; their orders were to prevent all disorders, but their sympathies were with the mob crying for the blood of the man who was at last facing his accusers.

It was only the shell of a man who stumbled into the room where the court martial sat. When the Republican Guards came to his cell to get him Dreyfus marched away with brisk step, head held high, the color surging back into his face. But as he entered the room and saw the eyes of his fellow officers fixed on him, saw his judges, stern and uncompromising, and half a hundred reporters eager to write column after column of accusing words; as he saw all this in the sudden glare of sunlight that had been denied him for seven long weeks, he faltered and his eyes filled with tears. It was with difficulty that he saluted and sank into a chair in front of Maître Demange, his lawyer.

On a platform sat his judges, a Lieutenant Colonel, three Majors, two Captains and Colonel Maurel-Pries, president of the court martial.

Opposite him was Major Brisset, the government commissary, Dreyfus's prosecutor. Du Paty and Henry were there, eager to launch into their stories, eager to boast that to them France owed all for the unmasking of this traitor. Not a friendly face in all the room, except Demange's. Picquart's face was not friendly—he honestly believed then that Dreyfus was guilty—but he could not hide the rush of feeling, of pity that he felt for the broken man.

Some of Dreyfus's confidence returned as he stood up and answered the usual, stereotyped questions: his name, his age, his birthplace. The reporters wrote every word and when Dreyfus gave Mulhouse as his birthplace they nodded knowingly, for already the story was being circulated that Dreyfus had left Mulhouse filled with a desire to aid Germany, the conqueror of his native Alsace. He chose French citizenship, entered the French military schools, all for one purpose, to learn the military secrets and carry them to the Germany he loved. Such was the story they were telling then of the man who a few years before had torn the sheets of his bed in a rage while the German bands played beneath his window.

Colonel Maurel-Pries spoke, calling upon the government commissary to make the formal charge against the

prisoner. Major Brisset arose and to the astonishment of spectators and the chagrin of Maître Demange he asked that the trial be held behind closed doors. "There are other interests at stake," he cried, "than those of the defense and prosecution."

It was the same old cry of the military; the insinuation that if the facts of Dreyfus's crime became known France would be thrown into war. "Against the public interest" to permit details of the trial to be made public through the press, Brisset said, and members of the court nodded knowingly. They listened as though the commissary's request was new to them, although they had been instructed before they entered the court that, under no circumstances, was the trial to be public.

Maître Demange, a steady, honest member of the bar, not endowed with unusual brilliance, but a valuable man because of the confidence the authorities had in him, arose to reply. He was immediately warned by the president that in his arguments against a secret trial he must not make reference to the actual charge against Dreyfus. Demange stared in bewilderment. How could he argue without saying of what he was arguing? But the president was firm; that was up to M. Demange to decide.

Demange talked. He pointed out as best he could under the gag imposed that it was more in the interests of the public to have a public trial than to maintain secrecy. The facts should become known, he said; all

France should know every detail, the better to judge for itself.

"This solitary document," he began, referring to the *bordereau,* but the president immediately silenced him, repeating that the facts in the case were not to be mentioned.

Old conservative though he was, the restriction was too much for Demange. He insisted upon referring to the "solitary document," although he had only a faint idea of what the *bordereau* contained. President Maurel-Pries arose; his voice shaking with indignation, he instructed the other members of the court-martial to follow him. They stalked from the room, injured justice personified.

"Cannot we get on with the trial?" Dreyfus whispered to his lawyer. "Are we not wasting time? Let us hear my accusers and reveal them for what they are."

"Patience," cautioned Demange. "See, they are coming back now. But we have lost, I know. The trial will be secret." And so it was. The president announced the trial would be held behind closed doors and he ordered all but the witnesses excluded. Then he bitterly attacked Demange for the fiendish crime of mentioning the "solitary document." "You have persistently insisted upon raising the discussion of essentials in this case," the president said with righteous indignation.

The room was cleared, but there was no shutting out the cries of the mob outside, more worked up than ever

by the fact that this traitor was so terrible his crime could not be made public. The prosecution began presenting its case.

First came M. Pelletier, handwriting expert. Yes, he had compared the handwriting on the *bordereau* with Dreyfus's handwriting. And what were his conclusions? Identical; no doubt about it. And had he studied the handwriting of Dreyfus on the test dictation of Commandant du Paty de Clam? Oh, yes, and it was identical. And very clever of the commandant.

M. Charavay, another expert. "The same person wrote the two documents," he said; but later he was not so sure. He compromised by saying finally that he would not condemn a man to life imprisonment on the evidence he had examined. Old Demange beamed. This was not so bad.

M. Teysonniere did not count; rather, he should not have counted. The best he could do was to testify he *thought* Dreyfus had written the *bordereau*.

And then came Bertillon. He had a "method," and this method, he said, proved beyond a doubt that Dreyfus was guilty. "There are two types of handwriting," explained M. Bertillon. "They are 'dextrogyre' and 'sinistrogyre,' that is, sloping to the right or left. Dreyfus's handwriting is 'dextrogyre' and the writing on the *bordereau* is 'sinistrogyre.' "

"Ha!" Demange exclaimed triumphantly, "they are not the same, then?"

"In appearance, no," replied Bertillon. "But it is my conclusion that Dreyfus changed his handwriting in the *bordereau!*"

"I do not understand him," whispered Dreyfus; Demange replied, "No more do I. He does not count."

Innocent Dreyfus! Innocent Demange!

Now du Paty de Clam, immaculate as ever, thoroughly enjoying the spotlight, while solemn-faced men listened to him joyfully brand himself a jackass. He told all about his ridiculous experiments. "His hands were trembling," "there was a nervous movement of his foot," "he was startled" when the bull's-eye flashed in his face in his dark cell. All criminal acts; all "overwhelming evidence" of the traitor's guilt.

Du Paty patted himself on the back; he talked on and on, painting himself as one of the most marvelous detectives of the age, but there was one thing he did not tell, one thing of which he did not boast. He did not testify to his visits to Lucie; he did not quote the lies he told her nor the threats he spoke under her own roof. He knew just how far he could go.

When he had finished, Dreyfus arose and calmly refuted everything he had said. This is the usual procedure in the French courts. A witness may testify to anything that enters his head, regardless of whether it has any bearing on the case. The prisoner must prove that he is innocent; the prosecution does not have to prove that he is guilty. Dreyfus was cool in answering du Paty, but

his wrath boiled over when Colonel Henry came to the bar and, striking a dramatic pose, stated: "I have it from an honorable person that an officer of the Second Bureau is a traitor."

What evidence! Some one told some one else that some one else was a traitor! What evidence—and yet it was legal. And the dignified members of the court-martial listened attentively as Henry went on with his back door gossip.

"I demand that the person whom you quote be brought here!" cried Dreyfus, jumping to his feet.

"Ha!" retorted Henry, beating himself on the breast. "Ha, you forget that when an officer has a secret in his head he does not tell it, even to his cap." He swung around, pointing an accusing finger at Dreyfus. "And there is the traitor!"

Dreyfus protested, but he protested in vain. He could not understand what Henry's harangue was about and it is doubtful whether Henry knew himself. Certainly his words were but a hodgepodge, yet the court-martial judges seemed impressed.

There were secondary charges; hazy reports concerning Dreyfus's addiction to gambling; hazy reports concerning women. The latter evidence, which Dreyfus calmly refuted, had nothing to do with the charge of treason; the former was important, for, if true, it established a motive. If Dreyfus were a gambler and if he lost many francs, then there was the motive for sell-

ing his country's military secrets for German marks.

But the evidence of gambling was weak. It was based solely on the gossip of other officers and these officers were not in court; instead their vague testimony was contained only in the indictment.

"I have never gambled," Dreyfus said in reply. He failed to mention that once he had been in the Press Club gaming rooms and had left early, disgusted by what he saw. He did not think it necessary to dwell on what he considered an absurd charge. He knew he did not gamble; his family knew he did not, and he expected his judges to believe him when he said he did not.

The commissary saw the weakness of these secondary charges and he quickly abandoned them and based his case solely on the *bordereau.*

"That is all that remains," he admitted, "but that is enough." He flourished it under the noses of the judges. "Let the judges take their magnifying glasses and see for themselves."

Only the *bordereau* left! Dreyfus and Demange were jubilant. No cause to worry now. Surely the vague and conflicting testimony of the handwriting experts was not sufficient to condemn.

The pleas of the prosecutor and Demange over, members of the court-martial retired and Dreyfus was led away to his cell, for in France a prisoner is not permitted to hear the judgment of a court-martial in the court-room. Lucie waited the verdict at home. That morning

Demange had promised to inform her quickly of the verdict. "If the news is good," he had said, "I shall come myself."

The court-martial was about ready to render its judgment; a verdict of acquittal, it must have been, for that, apparently, was the word that came to General Mercier. In a panic he called du Paty de Clam, gave him a packet of papers, a secret *dossier*. "Hurry," he said. "Give this to the judges."

Du Paty obeyed. He knew, General Mercier knew, the judges knew that this secret evidence was illegal because Dreyfus was offered no chance to reply. But the judges knew also that the *dossier* had come to them from General Mercier, their superior. A soldier must obey orders; France must be saved; the army must be saved.

So they came back to the courtroom and the president began, "In the name of the French people . . ." members of the court saluted, the military guard presented arms with a clatter, the witnesses leaned forward eagerly.

"Guilty!"

II

The gaslight sputtered in the dingy hall of the military prison in the Rue du Cherche Midi and ghostly shadows danced on the wall. The clerk of the court-martial stood behind a table, a piece of paper in his hand;

a few paces away was the military guard, presenting arms, stiff, forbidding, horrible in its mechanical movements.

Between the guard and the stern young clerk, whose great moment this was, stood Dreyfus. He knew the verdict before the young clerk spoke; he knew by the cold, expressionless faces, the careful attention to every military detail, the fate that was his.

"Guilty!" Yes, guilty; he had guessed correctly. But it was a shock. His face went white and beads of perspiration clung to his face. He licked his lips that were blue.

"Guilty . . . and you are sentenced to perpetual imprisonment in a fortified place and to military degradation."

A spasm shook him; he tried to speak and could not. He licked his lips again and his bloodshot eyes stared into the eyes of the clerk. "Guilty?" he echoed; he who had known the moment he was led into the room. "Oh, God! Oh, God!" He turned, stumbled into the arms of old Demange, who whispered, "for your wife . . . be brave. . . ."

His wife! Instantly his thoughts were with her, with little Pierre and Jeanne and the thought of them gave him speech again. "I am innocent!" he cried, choking. "I am innocent! My God, you have condemned an innocent man!"

There were mutterings from the military guard. We know innocence when we see it. Don't turn to us for sympathy. Traitor! Betrayer of France!

A brisk order from their officer; smartly they turned and marched away, out into the night and through the crowds that lined the streets. "*Vive l'Armée!*" "*Vive la France!*" Those were the greetings to the guards who had just seen a man doomed to hell. Shrill cries, hysterical cries of rejoicing that were quickly drowned out by the rumble of other and more horrible cries: "Down with the traitor!" "Down with the Jew!" "Death to the traitor!"

Along the boulevards, in the gloomy side streets, in the cafés and the cellars of vice they were howling, "Down with the traitor!" And in the military clubs du Paty, Henry and all their clique were toasting each other as saviors of the nation.

III

They drank toasts, they strutted and the night was hideous with the cries of a mob gone mad. In her apartment Lucie waited with her mother; her eyes on the door. There came a knock. "It is the verdict," cried Lucie, and threw open the door.

It was not Demange who stood there.

Lucie fell to the floor and for hours she was as one dead. When she opened her eyes again daylight had come

and little Pierre was at her bedside, tear smudges on his baby face. He and Lucie wept together and Jeanne, creeping into the room, wept, too, because they did. "Your papa has gone away on foreign service," Lucie said. "He may not return—for many years."

"I shall go on foreign service some day, too," Pierre boasted, and wondered at the agony in Lucie's eyes.

V

DEGRADATION

THREE months of prison and at last a ray of light penetrated the red tape of officialdom and brought both joy and agony to the prisoner in the Cherche Midi. His keepers guided him from his cell one morning and took him to the prison parlor, a big, cheerless, gray room that held tragedy between its walls. In the middle of the room rose two latticed gratings, a garden trellis in the proper surroundings, but the walls of a cage in that dreary place.

Dreyfus blinked and peered through the gratings; on the other side of the far grating he saw a dim figure, hands outstretched; a figure he knew so well and had seen only in his dreams for three, long, torturing months. "Lucie! Lucie, my darling!" It was she and he choked as he saw, even through the bars that kept them apart, how white was her face and how strained with suffering. "Alfred! Alfred!" They could do no more than exclaim; they could not touch each other; they could not pour out their love in each other's arms. The prison rules forbade it and so they must cry out and search each other's face through the little squares in

the grating. But that pitiful reunion gave both new strength; especially was Dreyfus buoyed up by it and after she was gone and his trembling legs had carried him back to his cell, he wrote to her: "What did me most good was to feel that you are so courageous and so brave, so full of affection for me."

She came again a few days later and there was a real reunion, then, for Major Forzinetti, himself saddened by the first meeting, had demanded permission to hold further meetings in his study while he was present. Kindly Major Forzinetti, a part of the military machine, but not its tool! Perhaps he dreamed dreams as he watched Dreyfus and Lucie in each other's arms, or perhaps he turned his head away that the two lovers might have one precious moment to remember in the terrible days to come.

"You must go on, Lucie; you must be brave when I am degraded. We will force the world's respect by our courage." She smiled. Yes, she would go on; they would vow here together, this very day, to live through everything until the stain was removed.

Here was Mathieu Dreyfus, Alfred's brother, come to speak a few last words of comfort. Already he was preparing to give all his money and his time to clear his family's name. Through the years he and Lucie would battle side by side, against obstacles that would grind others as does a juggernaut, but they would fight on and on with a devotion that bowed to none. Who in all

France had such loyal supporters as did this traitor, this wretch who would sell his country for a song?

II

A new year had come, ushered in by biting winds and flurries of snow that emphasized the bleakness of the Cherche Midi prison. Early workers, hurrying down the Rue du Cherche Midi at dawn, their heads bent against the wintry blasts, paused to shake numbed fists at the prison gates and to call down curses on the man waiting alone in his cell for the most terrible punishment man could devise for him. Then they hurried away, breathing prayers of thankfulness that France had been saved; they hurried away, only to have their places taken, as the sun mounted over Paris, by hundreds, thousands of others—men, women and children. The day of degradation had arrived.

"Here comes the van! Ah, now there will be something doing." The prison van rolled up to the gates followed by mounted soldiers, their steeds prancing, blowing steam in true dragon style. A buzz of expectation ran through the crowd; babies whimpered and were slapped into silence by mothers whose eager eyes never left that van. A group of men talked loudly and excitedly, their arms threshing the air. Not an argument, for there was none in that vast throng who had one word of commendation, one word of pity. But your

French mob cannot watch—no, it must chatter, it must wave its arms or the day is ruined.

Seven o'clock. What is the delay? Why do they not bring the traitor out? Ha, he has probably collapsed; this very minute he is undoubtedly cringing in his cell. For shame. He is a traitor, but he is a Frenchman and he should not be a coward. So they talk, so they conjecture as did their ancestors, standing in the blood-washed streets during the Revolution and jeering the hapless victims that rode by on their way to the guillotine.

Seven fifteen. Of a certainty now that traitor is giving some trouble. Perhaps he is putting up a fight, perhaps he is dead, a suicide during the night. Ah, there is a thought, but how provoking if true. Must all Paris be cheated of this day because a man is a coward? These prison authorities should watch out for such things. He probably has taken poison smuggled to him by that wife of his. It is a shame, that is what it is.

Seven twenty. No, every one is wrong. He has not killed himself during the night. See, here comes the janitor. Ah, but he is an old one, he is having trouble opening the gates. Why don't they have young men? Plenty of young men needing work. There, now, the old one has them open at last. Here come the soldiers. Look at their bayonets. Not taking any chances with that traitor. That's right. *Vive l'Armée!* There's Dreyfus! There's the traitor! Look at him, will you, marching as proud as a peacock. Down with the traitor!

Dreyfus heard the jeers, but gave no sign. He marched straight to the van; for once he was not stooping; his usual pallor was gone and two bright spots burned in his cheeks. He was in uniform again and he walked as though he was on parade. Without a flicker of emotion he mounted the van and stood erect, gazing steadily into the sea of uplifted fists, listening unmoved to the mob clamoring for his blood.

That courage was Lucie's work. "*We will force the world's respect by our courage.*" He would remain true to that pledge.

A trooper sprang to the seat of the van and it moved away, lumbering through the Rue Dupin, down the Rues de Babylone and d'Estrées and over the Avenue de Breteuil to the École Militaire. Dreyfus was hurried into the garrison adjutant's room and there he sat for an hour while troops arrived from all over Paris, five thousand of them, from white-haired Generals to red-faced, awkward cadets, and took their assigned places on the parade ground.

In the adjutant's room Dreyfus, momentarily shaken from his calm now that the dreaded hour was here, turned to his guard, Captain Lebrun-Renault, and cried, "I am innocent; before my God, I swear I am innocent!"

He told of du Paty's attempts to wring a confession from him, and his last words to Lebrun-Renault were these:

"The commandant (du Paty) informed me that the War Minister (Mercier) believed that if I did hand over documents to a foreign power I did so in order to obtain more important papers in return. But that is not so; I swear it!"

Captain Lebrun-Renault heard aright; he knew that Dreyfus was quoting du Paty's words, yet in his military brain he already was distorting those words and some day he would recall them in all their distortion and Dreyfus would pay bitterly for them.

"Come," said the Captain. "The time is here."

III

Dreyfus gripped his sword, his chin came up and he marched with firm step from the room, down a corridor and out to the parade ground. A squad of artillery soldiers marched with him. Across the parade ground they went, the wind whipping their faces. Five thousand troops watched them. Two hundred correspondents watched them. Outside the barrack gates thousands of persons were waiting.

At the middle of the parade ground stood General Darras. Dreyfus halted in front of him and his hand came up in a smart salute. For a tense moment there was silence; not a man in that vast throng moved. Then General Darras read the sentence . . . "degradation . . . perpetual imprisonment. . . ."

"Soldiers!" cried Dreyfus, his voice faltering, "Soldiers, an innocent man is degraded! Soldiers, an innocent man is dishonored! *Vive la France! Vive l'Armée!*" They stared straight ahead. General Darras cut in, coldly, evenly:

"Dreyfus, you are unworthy to carry arms. In the name of the people of France we degrade you."

That was the cue for the adjutant, the dragoon, Gambier. He walked forward stiffly and took Dreyfus's sword. With a show of strength he broke it across his knee and hurled the pieces from him to the ground as though they were something contaminated. He then seized the buttons and insignia of rank from the Captain's cap and tore them off. Next came the gold lace and the buttons from his coat, the stripes from his trousers.

"*Vive la France!*" It was a defiant cry, but the defiant cry of a wounded animal. It carried far across the parade ground and brought shudders to war veterans who had faced death calmly, but could not withstand the shock and shame of this spectacle. The knees of many were trembling.

The adjutant stepped back, very proud of his work. He had flexed his muscles as he bent the sword, but this was pure show, for the sword had been filed nearly in half, the buttons and the braid had been removed and sewed on again with few light stitches the day before,

all that a man might be degraded with machine-like precision and accuracy.

"I swear that I am innocent!"

He was innocent, was he? Sneers passed from face to face; now that the most terrible part of the degradation was over, the soldiers could breathe again. A bugle sounded, the drums rolled, the wind howled, bearing in from the street the cries of the mob, "*A mort le traitre!*"—death to the traitor!

"March!" The drums beat again, the guard moved forward, Dreyfus in their midst, and *la parade de l'execution* was on. Up one side of the square, by the reserve officers, marched the condemned man, more soldierly in his bearing than ever before. He raised his hand as he passed the officers and he shouted: "Tell the whole of France I am innocent!"

"Silence, traitor!" they shouted back; he stumbled and seemed about to sag into a heap. But his head came up, he turned squarely to face the leaders of the army, of whom, a few months ago, he had been one, and he smiled, a contemptuous smile that must have made some of them writhe. "You are cowards!" he said clearly, and marched on.

The press came next. Here were men who would flash the scene of the degradation to all parts of the world. Here were men who should be able to judge, who should be able to tell whether the man, stripped of all his honor,

marching in front of them was innocent. Dreyfus cried out, "I am innocent!"; he cried out to them, not knowing that in that group were creatures of the press who had gone to Lucie and offered the columns of their papers for his defense—providing Lucie paid them well. Such was the practice of a part of France's press at that time. Editors, subeditors, correspondents sold their souls for francs.

There were, in that group of correspondents, men who, of course, were not tainted; there were even a few who believed Dreyfus a wronged man; but the majority, in one roaring voice, answered him: "Down with the Judas! Down with the traitor!"

Down another side of the square, then another, while the howls of the mob outside grew louder and more threatening. Only the army's observance of the customary rites saved Dreyfus's life that day, for if his degradation had been in a public place there is little doubt that the mob would have surged through the guards and would have torn him limb from limb.

The barrack gate loomed ahead; the degradation was over and the army turned its prisoner over to the civil authorities. Handcuffs were clamped on Dreyfus's wrists, he was shoved into a prison van, which rattled away through crowded streets in which thousands stood shrieking their curses, shaking their fists as Dreyfus rode by.

The troops marched out to the cheers of the mob and

away to their headquarters. The correspondents dashed off to their offices and soon the telegraph wires were humming and a man's shame was being broadcast throughout the world.

Dreyfus sat proudly in the van, enduring the taunts from the streets. Only once was he overcome and that was when he peered out as the van sped over the Alma bridge and saw, through the grated ventilator, the windows of his own home where Lucie was praying that he would have strength.

He bowed his head in his handcuffed hands and his shoulders shook. His guards nodded and said, "You see, he is guilty."

IV

A convict's cell in the Santé prison on the Boulevard Arago. His uniform gone; his torn, sullied uniform. Alone; so terribly alone! No need now to be brave, to defy the world to its face . . . Lucie . . . Lucie . . . !

Darkness came and he wrote to her:

"I have just had a moment of terrible weakness, of tears mingled with sobs, my whole body trembling with fever. It was the reaction after the terrible tortures of the day. It was to be, I felt it; but, alas, instead of being allowed to weep upon your breast, my sobs have echoed only in the emptiness of my prison."

VI

THE ROAD TO EXILE

OUTSIDE the prison the wind shrieked and brutally drove before it the mantle of snow covering the walls. Inside it was cold, bare and gloomy and the gaslight sputtered as the chilling blasts swept down the corridors. But in one cell there was a feeble note of cheerfulness as a stooped man cleaned the cubicle that was his home. Wearily Dreyfus let down his couch and crawled under the clammy blanket; yet there was new hope in his breast. Not hope, perhaps, but comfort. Only two more days. "The day after tomorrow," he had been told, "your wife will see you."

Soothed by this promise he fell asleep early for the first time in many weeks and for three hours he slept without the mental horrors of the night disturbing his dreams. Then some one was shaking him, ordering him brusquely to get up. He staggered from his couch, blinking in the light, asking in bewilderment what had occurred. "You are leaving," they said. "Hurry. There is little time." "But my wife . . . my wife," he stammered. There was no reply.

Before he was fully dressed handcuffs were fastened around his wrists and he was shoved into the corri-

dor. "But my glasses; I have left my eye-glasses."

"They can be sent later. Will you move now!"

Out into the snow and the biting cold; into the gloomy prison van; through the streets in the dead of night while Paris slept. Then the railway station and the convict train.

A door in one of the cars was opened. "In with you now," and Dreyfus was boosted up. A guard tested his handcuffs, stooped and put irons on Dreyfus's ankles, backed out. The door slammed and was locked.

He was sitting, alone, in a cell smaller than his cubicle at the Santé prison. It was so small that he could not stretch his legs, he could not lie down. The handcuffs and the leg shackles bit into his flesh that was numb from the cold. His head ached; his eyes pained.

Through the night, bumping along in the darkness. Horses and cattle traveled in more comfort than this, but horses and cattle did not break laws or betray governments. Why should a traitor have comfort? What cold! He is going to have a chill. Now that's passed and he's hot, his face is flushed. Fever.

On and on. Will the night never pass? Can't tell if it has, anyway, in this dungeon. Ah, the train has stopped, some one is passing. Dreyfus calls out and the door is opened. "May I have something to eat; something hot?" Bang! Another hour, another guard. The request is repeated. Bang! But the guard is back shortly with some coffee, bread and cheese. Vile. Delicious.

Then on again for six hours and, at last, the convict train came to a stop at La Rochelle. Dreyfus could hear the guards ordering out the others; he heard their coughs, the shuffling of their feet; he heard the exclamations, the jeers, the laughs of the townspeople come to watch the convicts being unloaded. This was something that one did in La Rochelle; the thrill of the day.

But no one came to release Dreyfus. Hour after hour he sat in his narrow cell while the warders, overcome by the importance of the prisoner in their charge, talked mysteriously in front of his car and hurried this way and that with so much bustle that the watchers pricked up their ears. "Here is a prisoner of importance," they said. "We must stay to see him."

And stay they did while each hour brought more to join their ranks. Soon the word was passed around—some excited warder had not been able to keep quiet a moment longer—and a great shout went up. "Dreyfus is in there! It is the traitor himself! Down with the traitor!"

How familiar was that word now to the man crouched in his cell, shaking with fever, racked with the pain of his tortured legs. It no longer sent waves of indignation surging through him. If he could only get out, then let the mob have him.

Darkness came again and only then did they drag Dreyfus forth. With one savage yell the mob charged, brushing aside the guards as though they were wisps of

straw. Blows were rained on Dreyfus; the mob clamored for his death. For a few moments he stood alone, unprotected by the warders, who were busy themselves staving off blows, and the shame of that attack served to put new fire into him. Not to reply in kind, but to stiffen his backbone, for, as he stood there, he who believed he had been so wronged, understood. He knew that there was none who believed him innocent and to them he was a creature so vile that mere death was too simple for him. He felt that death was near and he forgot his pledge to Lucie; he threw up his head and looked into the sea of distorted faces and said, "Take me."

The warders fought back to his side. "Stand back," he ordered quietly. "Let them have my body." But no, "We are responsible for you," they cried, now thoroughly alarmed, and they formed around him and drove their way through the crowd to a carriage that was waiting to rush them through the night to the nearby port of La Palice.

The agony of that trip! His body was as a cake of ice, but his head was on fire. The leg irons were torturing him; he was weak from hunger. But there was no time to stop at La Palice. From the carriage to a longboat, then an hour's journey across the black water to the Île de Ré, in the Bay of Biscay. A tramp through the snow to the Bureau of Registry and, blessed relief, off came the fetters. While he stood swaying on his feet, they stripped the clothes from his shaking body and searched

him. Then another cell with two warders never taking their eyes from him. Exhausted, he slept.

II

Never had the days dragged so; never had he been so closely watched. Each day he was taken out to a yard adjoining his cell, a yard that squatted under towering walls. If he had had the strength he could not have scaled these walls, but each time he went out to breathe pure air that came in from the sea every guard in the prison, carrying arms, was atop the walls. The traitor shall not escape!

With scores of eyes fixed on him, watching his every move, the authorities still did not trust him. After each walk he was stripped and searched. Nothing shall be smuggled to the traitor!

And at night two warders looked down on him through a grated transom between his cell and their room. "Watch every movement," were their orders. The traitor shall not breathe in privacy!

He begged for pen and paper and they brought him one small sheet. Only one sheet at a time could he have. It was precious to him, for then he could sit down and write to Lucie—talking to her, he called it. That was all he had to do, except to look at the photographs of Pierre and Jeanne in one corner of his cell. And he could not do that often for he wept. It was hard not to weep and

it was hard to weep with those two pairs of cold eyes always watching from the grated transom.

III

Lucie came four times, making the long trip from Paris, suffering seasickness, suffering from the cold. Four times in one month and her reward was that she might sit on one side of a dingy room, with Dreyfus on the other and the governor between them. She must have sensed on the fourth visit that the day of parting was drawing near, for she turned suddenly to the governor, tears in her eyes, her hands outstretched pleadingly. "Please, *Monsieur,* please. Just once, I beg you, I entreat you." A snort, a rude "no." "I'll do anything, *Monsieur;* tie my hands behind my back. Ah, you have a wife; you must know my anguish."

She was asking a simple thing. She was asking that she be permitted to kiss her husband. But it was forbidden. A traitor must be watched closely; all France was clamoring for his death, but nothing must be passed to him; he must not be permitted to end his own life. "But my hands—tie my hands behind my back!"

"Madame, no!"

Dreyfus pleaded: "Lucie, Lucie, do not!" He could not bear to see her pleading with the lump of flesh that was between them. And so she went away, choking back her sobs and trying to smile bravely. Without a kiss, an

embrace, without even a look that was not watched by the beady eyes of the governor, she went away.

It was "good-bye" and neither knew it. But the lump of flesh did and it joggled righteously after Lucie. Orders were orders and that's all there was to it.

The door opened and Lucie passed through. Dreyfus had a glimpse of her, snatching a handkerchief, pressing it to her face. Then she was gone. Back in his cell he tossed on his cot and he wept. He cared not at that moment for the eyes in the grated transom.

* * *

"Come! Hurry!" A group of warders was at the door. Was it time for the daily airing, then? Obediently Dreyfus stood up, waiting. But they roared out at him impatiently. "Get your things! There is no time to waste, we tell you."

It was here then. The day had come. And as he thought of Lucie, pleading with the governor, being told rudely that she could not even embrace him before he went away to exile, he was shaken with fury. But of what use? Already the warders were stripping him, searching him, while others collected his few belongings. "Get your things! Get ready!" Did they think, then, that he would need the day to pack? One bundle. One tiny bundle a child could carry. "I am ready," he said in a dead voice.

Six warders marched beside him down to the dock. A

steam launch bore him across the water to the roadstead at Rochefort. All around him he saw the lights of ships. A bobbing, ghostly shadow loomed up ahead; he heard sharp-voiced orders and saw dim figures looking down at him.

Other small boats were alongside and men, convicts such as he, were going up the side of the transport *Saint-Nazaire*. The wind was howling through the rigging, everywhere officers were shouting orders, but the silence of death surrounded the men whose frozen fingers clutched at the ropes as they climbed. Not a word did they speak. How could they? They were forbidden to talk to each other and if they spoke to their guards they received no answers. Up and over the rail; up and over, like a file of ants.

Dreyfus climbed in agony. It was seven degrees above zero and his hands were aching with the cold. Somehow he got there and fell to the deck. They jerked him up and marched him forward to a cell beside which the dungeons of prisons on the mainland were palaces. The door to his cell was a grating and the wind whistled through it and set his teeth to chattering. Like an animal he cowered in one corner, tucking up his legs and wrapping his arms around himself.

At daybreak, half unconscious from the cold, he heard the crew weighing the anchor. The *Saint-Nazaire* steamed slowly out of the roadstead and the wind swept

along her foredeck and drove viciously through the grating—a loyal wind of France making one last effort to get at the traitor.

France! Gone now as the gale engulfed the *Saint-Nazaire,* ploughing her way through the turbulent waves, bearing her wretched cargo far across the sea to the devil's own doorstep, the *Île du Diable.*

PART TWO

I

THE PRISONER ON DEVIL'S ISLAND

THE transport rode at anchor, her stormy voyage done. She rode on a brilliant, blue sea that sparkled in the sunlight; a sea so calm, so lazy no one would suspect the treachery of it, unless one looked to the islands and saw the angry white combers that beat against the rocks. Blue sea, white froth, dull brown rocks against a background of green jungle. A paradise to some, but to the sweating, panting creatures in the foul cages on the *Saint-Nazaire* it was hell with paradise trimmings.

The sun that made the sea so blue raised paint blisters on the decks and its heat bored through to the convicts below. Stripped to their waists, their bodies wet and shiny, they pushed and shoved and cursed to get at the few small ports through which they could gaze out on this new world. A new world, withering with heat that pressed like steel bands around throbbing heads. A new world of dazzling sunlight and strange, creepy foliage and swarms of insects. A new world of startling cries from the depths of the jungle. A new world in fifteen days. Yet as they peered out at it there was not one in the stinking bowels of the ship who did not long for the

icy winds and the cold, snow-covered prison left behind in France. This new world excited them; it was strange and it was solid land, but it frightened them, too, and left them weak with homesickness; it made their teeth chatter one minute and their bodies burn with fever the next.

They knew where they were, for there were men among them who had made this voyage before, and they told their comrades that they had arrived at the *Saint-Nazaire's* goal, the *Îles du Salut* (the Salvation Islands) off the coast of French Guiana, and soon they would be out of this hell-hole and in others more terrible on one of the green islands that seemed so cool and inviting. "And then," said the old ones who were coming back, "you'll get a number and you'll work in the swamps and on the roads. And you'll have chills and fever and the insects will drive you mad and you'll try to escape and the bullets will get you, or the jungle, or the sea."

The newcomers listened, but they did not believe. They had heard, on the voyage out, countless stories of what had befallen convicts who attempted to escape to the mainland, but each knew, each was positive, he could succeed where others had failed.

The solitary prisoner in his cell on the foredeck knew none of this. Only after hours spent in listening to his guards did he learn that they were anchored in the roadstead of the *Îles du Salut*. But for that and the blistering heat he might have thought himself on the other side of

the globe, for in fifteen days not one word had been spoken to him that even hinted where he was being taken to his exile.

Dreyfus suffered intensely from the heat, he who two weeks ago had cowered in a corner of his cage while the icy blasts from the sea whipped at him. Never would he forget that voyage, even though the tortures to come were to be far worse. Seasickness and the cold had wrecked him physically as his disgrace had wrecked him spiritually. The first few days of the trip nearly cost his life; at times his heart seemed to stop beating, so numb was he, and he could not sleep in the rude hammock that was strung up each night. He could not stay in it, in the first place, the ship tossed so, and sleep is impossible when one's teeth are chattering and one's limbs are like icicles.

He was not left alone for a moment. During the day a warder stood guard, revolver in hand. At night two guards were on duty, mute sentinels whose service with the government would cease did they speak one word to their prisoner. This punishment of silence was the most terrible to the condemned man; it was maddening to ask day after day for information concerning his exile, only to be met by stony stares or violent shaking of heads. Before the voyage was over, however, there had grown on Dreyfus a hatred for all human faces and the man who never had courted friends now came to find his only peace in a hermit-like existence.

He ate but little during the trip; even when his seasickness was gone and his stomach cried out for nourishment he could not swallow much of the vile food that was handed to him in preserved-meat cans. The smell of it, after the ship passed into the torrid zone, made him faint. But after the fifth day, when he was taken on deck for an hour of exercise each twenty-four hours, he was compelled to eat to keep life in his body.

To live. That was his one hope now and it was a struggle. Only the thought of Lucie and the children held him to the promise he had made and not a day passed that did not find him struggling with himself to suppress the ever-present desire for death. On shipboard, after he was permitted to exercise, the struggle was especially hard, for he had but to break away from his warders, dash to the side and hurl himself into the sea. It would be over, he would be gone before they could ever get to him.

The sea always called Dreyfus. It made him sad; its moaning, its crooning, its raging were lures that affected him as high places affect others. Listening to it while he paced the deck the call was almost too strong and but for his promise he would have gone to it.

II

Four days locked in his cage under the tropical sun and still they did not come to take Dreyfus ashore. The

other condemned men had been removed long ago; by now they were well aware of the horrors of the French penal colony, but Dreyfus was not of this common run of criminals. There must be special preparations for him; all the orders carefully cabled to Cayenne, on the mainland of French Guiana, from Paris must be followed out before the traitor was permitted to begin his exile.

Nineteen days after the *Saint-Nazaire* steamed away from France Dreyfus was removed from his cage and taken to another in the prison of the *Île Royale*, one of the three Salvation Islands. He had hoped he would be given more freedom, but, on land again, he was kept in closer confinement in an oven-like cell, the shutters of which were closed. And one more thing was denied to him: he could not speak now to his guards, except to state briefly his wants, which they usually ignored. Great was his joy, however, when he was permitted to have a few sheets of paper and he wrote to Lucie, only to learn that his letters must first go to Cayenne, must go through all manner of official channels, must be censored (and altered, although he did not know that) before they found their way to the woman who knew only that he lived and no more for many torturous weeks.

All exercise was denied to him and for a month he remained in solitary confinement. The dreaded fever took possession of him; at times he was too weak to

stand, and his brain was foggy. Insanity lay just around the corner. He was so ill that his warders noticed it and sidestepped their orders for a moment to ask if he wanted a doctor.

"No," said Dreyfus. A thought had come to him, a thought that pointed the way out. He had promised Lucie he would not take his own life and he would cling to that promise. But he would die. He would continue to refuse medical aid and it would not be long before his agony would be over. A natural death. Why had he not thought of it before?

Deliberately he prepared to die and for a time the fate he had chosen brought him a certain calmness. Yet always, behind the calmness was the thought of Lucie; he saw her in Paris going to plead with the Ministers; he saw her working day and night, seizing at each shred of new evidence that might lead to the real culprit; he saw her suffering, mentally as much as he, physically not as much as he, although he had left her ill. And she was a woman who, although she could not imagine the agony of his life, was going through a hell of her own. Living that he might live. Then would he not be a coward to desert her?

Gradually his calmness left him and in its place was a battle going on within him, a battle between Lucie and himself. She was miles across the ocean from him; for all he knew she might be dead, but he would not believe that for in those days while he waited for death she

seemed very close to him. Perhaps it was a vivid dream of her working, praying for him; perhaps he really thought, during one of his spells when he was delirious, that she was there. Whatever it was Lucie finally won. Gray and shaken, Dreyfus arose one morning and asked that the doctor be sent to him.

III

The small boat shoved off from the pier on the *Île Royale* and moved swiftly through the blue sea towards the nearby *Île du Diable*. For the first time in nearly a month Dreyfus breathed pure air and for the first time since his degradation he knew where he was to be exiled. Not on the *Île Royale*, where there were a few convicts and the commandant's dwelling; not on the *Île Saint Joseph* where the majority of the doomed men toiled and died but had at least the comfort of numbers; no, on the desolate rock that was the *Île du Diable*—Devil's Island—so appropriately named, was Dreyfus to enter his living tomb.

"They were not ready for you; that is why you had to wait," a kindly guard explained to him as the small boat steered for the tiny pier on Devil's Island. "The leper colony used to be there, but it is gone now."

Comforting thought! But before many more days had passed he was to thank God that lepers, any one, had been there before him.

The boat docked, the warders marched him along the barren rock that burned through the soles of his shoes, to a small hut of stone. It was but four yards square, a mansion after the cage on the *Saint-Nazaire* and the foul cell on the *Île Royale*. Two small, barred windows at one end looked down to the sea; Dreyfus could hear it moaning against the rocks.

Small though the hut was, half of the space was used as a watching post by the warders. They were on one side of an iron lattice-work; on the other was Dreyfus.

He had only a brief glimpse of the surroundings before he was hustled into the hut. Rocks, a few stunted trees and the sea; that was all. Thousands of miles away over the water was Paris; in the other direction was Cayenne, the capital of French Guiana. Were there letters there now from Lucie? There were letters there; they had been there for weeks, but when he turned to his chief warder and asked if a telegram might be sent to Cayenne to inquire into the delay, his only answer was: "Silence. You must not speak. Those are the orders."

The outside door, of wood, opened to admit Dreyfus; a warder, stationed in the entryway, hurried to a second door of iron bars and with a great jangling of keys swung it back. He stepped aside and Dreyfus entered. Blank walls, barred windows, a cot, a small table and a chair. Through one of the windows he glimpsed the sea;

Drawing of Dreyfus's hut on Devil's Island, showing the single palisade and the warders' watch tower.

well, that would be a comfort. How hot it was inside. He was dripping with perspiration and his head throbbed. He dropped wearily on the cot.

"Stand up!" The chief warder glared at him through the iron lattice-work as Dreyfus obediently got to his feet, swaying with dizziness, wanting only to be left alone. "The orders are as follows: 'You will speak to no one . . . you will be permitted exercise during the day . . . you will prepare your own food . . . you will be watched day and night.' " The chief warder stood only a few feet from his prisoner, but he talked so loudly that each word was a blow to Dreyfus after his weeks of silence. The chief warder knew how these things should be done; he had been sent from Paris for this especial duty and he felt the importance of it and did it with a gusto. ". . . Half a loaf of bread a day . . ." on and on he went, concluding finally with, "Remember, silence!"

He wheeled smartly and departed. A bearded guard took his post against the iron door and fixed his eyes on Dreyfus. Oh, those eyes! By day they watched his every move; by night they watched while he slept or tried to sleep. They watched him eat, they watched him write, they watched him dress and undress, they watched him tear his hair, they watched him faint to the floor, they watched him shake with sobs, tremble with fever. They were always watching.

IV

Dreyfus tossed on his cot, longing for sleep that would bring brief forgetfulness, but it would not come. The sun had disappeared shortly after six o'clock, a light breeze was coming in from the sea, but little of it reached Dreyfus through the tiny barred windows. Vermin tormented him; vermin of the prisons. Mosquitoes hummed in his ears and stung him. He could not read because the only light was a small guard lamp over his cot, placed there so his keeper could watch him through the night. He could not read because there was nothing to read; there was nothing at which he might even look, except the three pieces of furniture and the group photograph of Lucie, Pierre and Jeanne, which he had placed on the table. And he could not bear to look at the photograph very long.

Outside the barred door his guard paced up and down, his heavy boots clumping, even his breathing noisy in the stillness of the night. Dreyfus got up, burning with fever, and paced from the window to the door. Back and forth, back and forth; without realizing it he was keeping time with the guard's heavy tread. He opened the blind on one of the windows and gazed down at the sea. What beauty there was out there with the moonlight filtering through the heavy clouds and casting long, jagged streaks of silver over the water. How soothing the drumming of the surf. They could not

take the sea from him, though he spent the rest of his life in this dismal hut.

He sat down at the table, where earlier in the night he had begun his diary. In the half darkness he wrote of the moonlight and the sea, grateful for the rude, staccato rhythm of the surf "that soothes my wounded soul," but, as so often happened when he wrote in his diary, his thoughts traveled quickly to another part of the world:

"And in this night, in the deep calm, there comes back to my memory the dear images of my wife and children. How my poor Lucie must suffer. . . . Poor, poor, dear wife! I cannot think of her and of my children without being stirred in every fibre of my being."

He sobbed, his head buried in his arms. The mosquitoes sang joyfully as they renewed their attack. Outside the clump, clump ceased, the guard pressed his face against the iron bars, his eyes boring into the bowed figure. Watch him; watch him. Those were the orders.

II

LIFE OF THE EXILE

DAWN brought rain, an ocean of it, falling straight from the clouds; not the slanting, driving rain he knew in France, but a warm, lifeless downpour that served only to add to the torture of the heat. On the other islands of the condemned, prisoners were already at work, laboring in the swamps and on the roads while the rain drenched them and a mist gathered at their bare feet. Some were suffering from the furnaces of fever within them; others were chilled to the bone and their teeth chattered. All knew now, through the mysterious news wireless that penetrates prison walls even on lonely isles, that Dreyfus, the traitor, had been among them and some had heard that very morning that he had been removed to Devil's Island.

These were inclined to feel bitter about it. Imagine having an entire island to one's self. No working one's self to death in the swamps; nothing to do but to sit in the open and smoke and watch the sea. So they called that punishment, did they? *Mon Dieu,* punishment! One had to be a traitor to get punishment like that. Imagine a murderer, a thief, getting off so easily!

Dreyfus watched the rain through one of the windows near the sea. The fever remained with him, but he was hungry, thanks to a few hours' sleep towards morning. His nerves were less racked and he could always eat when his nerves had not upset his stomach.

Would they never bring his breakfast? He appealed to the guard, a new one, for the warders took turns at the watch. Five of them there were and the chief warder. Each stood watch two hours.

"Food?" asked the prisoner. There was no reply. That was the way to enforce the order that Dreyfus must not speak. Unless gagged, he could not be stopped from speaking, but if he received no answer, ah, then, perhaps, he would come to learn that it was less maddening if he did not talk.

An hour, two hours and no food had been brought to him. He had risen at dawn and his stomach caused him pain. "Food?" he pleaded once more. There was no answer, but the guard on duty called to another; they whispered, then they brought a little black coffee and a piece of bread to him. It was from their own stock and they had nothing to do with feeding Dreyfus, but there was no order against it and perhaps those who had watched during the night had been moved by the grief of the man whom they must watch until the end of his days.

Dreyfus ate greedily. The coffee and the slice of bread were gone within two minutes and the craving of his

stomach was not satisfied. The coffee gave him a feeling of strength, however, and he asked if he might leave his prison.

Without a word, the guard on duty opened the door of iron bars. The rain had ceased as suddenly as it had begun and the sun's rays beat down on the rocks. The night before the prisoner had been warned he must confine his exercising to a space a few hundred yards square surrounding his hut. There were no other persons on the island, only Dreyfus and his warders, but, well, it was an order.

What a queer little island it was, shaped very much like a fat comma, bare except for a few banana trees and cocoa palms. These stood some distance from the hut and the little shade they offered brought no relief to the men cooped up in the tomb of stone. There were several small patches of soil in which a few withered things clung to life. For the rest there were rocks.

Dreyfus made the rounds with his guard a few feet behind him. When he halted the guard halted, but when he sat down the guard did not. That was according to the orders, too; a guard might fall asleep were he not standing upright and then the traitor might do terrible things such as—well, he might do terrible things.

A small boat was putting in from one of the other islands and immediately Dreyfus was ordered back to the hut and locked in. The boat brought only men with the prisoner's food for the day, but one could never tell;

some day a boatload of rescuers might come. It was ten o'clock when the food was given to Dreyfus and he was faint from hunger. He eagerly took stock of his rations. A few grains of rice, some bacon in a can, brown sugar and coffee berries.

He was his own cook; he must collect wood during the day and build his fire outside under the glare of the sun (or in the rain!); there he must make his coffee, cook his meat, boil his soup—when there was soup to be boiled. On what would he cook? That was up to him. There were things lying around the island, bits of iron and such; he could make a stove of them. It would give him something to do.

The smell of the canned bacon nauseated him when he removed the lid. The rice was filthy; so was the brown sugar. He would go hungry today, then, except for a piece of bread and coffee.

Coffee! at thought of it he laughed hysterically. He had only glanced at the berries so eager was he to get at the bacon. But now he saw what a joke they had played on him. How they must be chuckling!

The coffee berries were green, raw, and there was nothing on Devil's Island with which to roast them!

II

Darkness again. Another day has passed and Dreyfus is locked in his cell. He is weak from hunger, and hesi-

tates to eat the crust of bread that is left because then it will be gone and his stomach will cry for more. He tries to rise to look out at the sea, but sinks back. The guard sees and again pities. A bowl of broth is passed in. It is gone and so is the crust.

He lights a cigar, bought with his own money. The match is taken from a small box, only one of which he may have at a time. He loses an empty box later and there is a great scene about it. Do they think, then, he will save the boxes and build a boat and sail away to the mainland?

He writes to the Governor of Guiana asking that he be permitted to pay for food that he may eat. The law says he may do this. The days pass and there is no word from Cayenne. The days pass and there is no word from France. Letters from Lucie are at Cayenne, waiting for a boat that will carry them back to Paris where the great minds of the government will read them, strike out everything the prisoner on Devil's Island is longing to read and send the skeletons across the sea again.

Spring has come to Paris. Along the Avenue du Trocadéro, where Lucie can see them from her window, the buds of the chestnut trees are bursting forth. But on Devil's Island there is only rain, then an hour of burning sun, then rain again. This will last until June and then will come the dry months and Dreyfus and his warders will pray for the rain they now curse.

Each day is a struggle to live. At eight o'clock Drey-

fus is given a piece of raw meat and some bread. He goes outside before the heat becomes unbearable and during brief respites from the rain, and wearily collects firewood. Under the blazing sun he chops it and builds a fire. He has found a few pieces of iron which he places over the embers. The sun makes him giddy, the embers blister him and the smoke blows into his eyes and blinds him. But he must squat near by and cook his meat or eat it raw. When it is done he gobbles it quickly; it is burned, tough, unseasoned and the smell of it nauseates him, but he must eat to live.

He forgets it must last him all day, so for dinner he has only bread and water.

He cannot sleep so he tries to exhaust himself by chopping wood. He starts for the warders' kitchen to get the hatchet, but his guard shouts, "You cannot enter the kitchen!" and he goes back to his pallet.

Soon he has learned his lesson about food. When his meat arrives in the morning now he cuts it into two slices; one is boiled, the other broiled. On one of his exercising walks he has found a piece of rusty sheet iron, on which the broiling is done. All the cooking is done in the morning and he goes to bed with a cold supper in his stomach, but that is better than roasting one's self over a fire in the afternoon when to leave the hut is to court sunstroke.

There is no nourishment in the food, though, and

Dreyfus is so weak at times he can do no more than lie on his pallet and listen to the rain beating against the roof. He tries to study English, but his brain is in a whirl. From ten in the morning until three in the afternoon, even if he has the strength, he cannot go outside because of the heat. A few hours after he rises at daybreak his linen is wet with perspiration and he must wash it before ten o'clock. The first week his garments were washed for him, but that did not last. He must be his own cook, his own housekeeper, his own laundryman.

He has little to eat and nothing from which to eat. He asks the commandant, by note, if he may have two old plates. "We have none," is the commandant's reply, so Dreyfus must shift for himself. He eats from rusty sheet iron, a piece of wood or paper. The insects torture him. Outside his room his warders are enjoying good meat, hot, black coffee, soups.

It rains steadily for several days and he cannot build a fire to cook his meat. Bread and water, then, until his dreams are filled with delicious orgies of eating. He sees himself in a Paris café dining on marvelous soups, carefully preparing his own salad dressing, ordering huge plates of sliced, cold meats and insisting on only the best that is on the wine list.

The humming of insects or the clatter of the guard coming on duty makes him sit up suddenly faint with hunger. It is only a dream and there is not even a crust

of bread in the hut. He must spend the rest of the night tossing on his cot.

He wanders in a daze one day and stumbles on a small garden patch which had been tilled by the lepers. There are tomatoes growing there, sickly, shriveled things baked by the sun. With a cry, Dreyfus is down on his knees and his trembling hands are pulling at the vines. What luck! What a God-sent gift! Praise Heaven for the lepers!

He devours ten of the tomatoes raw.

III

The struggle to live goes on:

Sunday, April 21, 1895.

The chief commandant of the islands was kind enough to send me, this morning, along with my meat, two tins of condensed milk . . . by drinking a quart and a half a day I shall have enough milk for four days.

Tuesday.

This food, cooked in old rusty iron utensils, gives me violent pains in the stomach.

Wednesday.

Today canned bacon; I threw it away. Internal pains almost continually.

Friday.

. . . the internal pains are continuous. They have lent me four flat plates and two saucepans, but nothing to put in them. . . . Still no letters.

Sunday, April 28.

It is blowing a hurricane. Squalls come up one after another and make a loud, sonorous noise, things collide and dash against one another. How like my state of mind in its attacks of violence. . . . I learned today how to wash cooking utensils. I thought of ashes . . . but what a state my hands and handkerchiefs are in!

Monday.

. . . the breakfast that is waiting for me consists of stale beans, which have already been on the fire for four hours and refuse to cook.

Wednesday.

Ah, these dreadful nights. I worked hard all day, I took no siesta towards evening, I sawed wood for nearly an hour until my arms and legs were trembling and in spite of all this I did not fall asleep until midnight.

Thursday.

The post from Cayenne arrived last evening. Has it brought me letters, news of my family? This is the question I have been asking myself the whole morning. But I have been so often deceived during these last months, I have learnt so many things about the human conscience, that I doubt everything and everybody, except my own family. . . . My isolation is so complete that it often seems to me that I have been buried alive.

Same day, 5 p. m.

The boat is in sight, coming from the Île Royale. My heart beats as if it would break. Is it bringing me at last the letters from my wife? . . . Shall I at last read her dear thoughts; shall I receive the echo of her affection?

There are letters and he is weak from joy. But they are letters Lucie wrote while he was on the Île de Ré, just before he sailed for Devil's Island. No news, then, of the fight back home to clear his name. Weeks must go by before he knows of that.

> Nevertheless, I sobbed bitterly over these letters dated more than two months and a half ago. Is it possible to imagine a parallel case? All night I shall dream of Lucie, of my beloved children, for whom I must live.

IV

In May Dreyfus became seriously ill. He arose one morning to make his breakfast and fainted to the floor. Crawling to his cot he lay there through the day without eating. His courage gave way and he wept fitfully as he thought of Lucie and the children. Fever set in and his stomach caused him much pain. His brain played strange tricks on him and the horror of insanity led him to put aside his pride and ask the warders to send for a doctor.

"It is the food and the fever," the doctor said. "You must not eat this stuff."

The wan prisoner smiled feebly. Did the doctor advise, then, that he starve to death? "We shall fix that," he was told, and the next day there came to him twelve boxes of condensed milk, a relief from the filthy food that had caused his illness yet kept life in his emaciated body. Quinine also was given to him and the fever grad-

ually abated. With the return of some strength, his mind, busy for days in concentrating on health, fastened again on his wrongs and his diary was filled with the protests that only he could read.

> The wretch who committed this infamous crime will be unmasked. Oh, if I only had him here for five minutes I would make him undergo all the torments that he has been the means of making me suffer; I would tear out his heart and his entrails without pity.

This was a new Dreyfus, but the mood lasted only twenty-four hours. In that time his paper was used up, no word came from home, the rainy season said farewell in torrents and hopelessness quickly replaced the hatred in his heart. "My heart is so bruised that everything wounds me," he wrote the moment paper was given to him. "Death would be a deliverance, but I must not think of that."

He was cheered by the arrival of letters from home a few days later, but his joy was short-lived. Convict laborers came to the island to do some work for the warders and Dreyfus was locked in the hut for fear that he might communicate with them, might learn whatever gossip they had heard concerning the efforts in France to vindicate him.

This was but one of what the prison authorities were pleased to call precautions to prevent the traitor on Devil's Island from knowing anything of the outside

world. Whenever clothes were brought to him the lining was inspected; canned meats he ordered from Cayenne were opened and the tops re-soldered before being sent to him. His cigars were unrolled—for he could have cigars now, although the food became worse each day. And all letters sent to him were subjected to tests in an effort to learn if invisible inks were being used.

Lucie could write to him only of her love, of her daily life, of Pierre and Jeanne. Dreyfus cherished these letters; he read them over and over and of nights he went to sleep with them in his hands and they brought him comfort, but the agony of suspense, of not knowing what moves were being made to bring him back to civilization pounded away at his brain until it was near to bursting.

Lucie wrote that she had appealed to the Colonial Minister for permission to join her husband in exile. She wrote excitedly . . . "I am waiting for the answer with feverish impatience . . . I am filled with yearning to be near you, and, by my affection and tenderness, to be able to calm your immense sorrow a little."

What solace, what new strength would come to him were she there! Lucie had no doubts; she was confident that only red tape was delaying her answer, but the lonely man sitting in his stone hut read her words without hope. Full well he knew that the men who sat in Paris and ordered new mental and physical tortures for him on his island prison would never permit him to be

comforted by his beloved Lucie. Each letter from her predicted that soon she would come. Each letter passed through the offices of the Colonial Ministry and the War Ministry where they were read, discussed, altered, even "lost," but there was none among those who read of her plans who told her they would not be realized.

So she waited and the months dragged by; her letters came to Devil's Island whenever it pleased the authorities to forward them and after each arrived Dreyfus sat down at his table and wrote despairingly in his diary, "Nothing new; the real culprit has not been found."

With the passing of the rainy season, Dreyfus spent more time outside his hut. He found that if he sat behind it, facing the sea, he would feel a slight breeze and would have the only shade within the boundary lines laid out for him. There was shade of a sort under the banana trees and the cocoa palms, but they were outside the square set aside for him. There must be no comfort.

For a few weeks he enjoyed the hours he spent, back against the stone wall of his hut, eyes staring out across the sea, and the guard who watched him enjoyed them, too. But word reached some one higher up.

"You cannot sit here," the guard told him one morning. "It is against orders." There was pity in his eyes—it meant the burning sun again for him, too—but he could do nothing.

"I shall remain in the hut, day and night, then," Dreyfus replied. From some one higher up came this order next day: "The prisoner will be punished if he remains inside the hut."

"My heart is broken; I cannot resist," Dreyfus wrote, and he did as he was commanded. But he could not please, no matter how he tried. When he walked quickly around his exercising ground they bellowed at him that he was tiring the guard; when he sat quietly, head bowed in his hands, they ordered him to move. Did he want to have a sunstroke? Did he want to kill the guard?

One warder was taken from the island. He was raving in madness. Another followed him shortly. He was stricken by fever. They were two guards who tempered their duties with mercy and they were replaced by men so long removed from civilization that they had forgotten its emotions.

V

July 14, the French national holiday. The tricolor flag is floating over the three islands, guns are booming, the military guard is marching proudly. It is the *Fête* Day of the Republic. Glorious day! Wonderful day!

In the stone hut a white face is pressed against the bars of a tiny window and glistening eyes watch the

tricolor waving in the breeze from the sea. His flag, the flag of his France. Ah, but a traitor has no flag!

He grips the iron bars until the blood spurts from his finger tips.

III

"I WOULD NOT BE GOD"

LETTERS were both a torture and a blessing to the prisoner on Devil's Island. He poured out his soul in the letters he sent home to France and this outlet for his emotions undoubtedly saved him from losing his reason. But the days, the weeks of waiting for replies were terrible. When the mail boat came and there was nothing for him he felt utterly lost. Another month of waiting and hoping. The mail boat came again and there were letters, but letters that wrung his heart. And never one word to quiet the question that pounded night and day in his bewildered brain: "What is being done to find the real culprit?"

He wrote long letters to Lucie. At first the horror of his exile led him to write as he felt, but when, months later, Lucie's replies revealed the suffering caused her by his realistic pen pictures he wrote only of his love for her, of his faith that vindication was not far off. He wrote, praising her courage, and he wrote to the children and ordered toys sent to them so they would believe their papa had not a care in the world on the foreign service that kept him so long from home.

He sat down in his hut, with the temperature at 113 degrees, with his body burning with fever, with hopelessness in his heart, and wrote to his son:

Dear little Pierre:

Papa sends good big kisses to you, also to little Jeanne. Papa thinks often of both of you. You must show little Jeanne how to make beautiful towers with the wooden blocks, very high, such as I made for you, and which toppled down so well. Be very good. Give good caresses to your mamma when she is sorrowful. Be very gentle and kind also to grandmother and grandfather. Set good little traps for your aunts. When papa comes back from his journey you will come to the railway station to meet him, with little Jeanne, with mamma, with every one.

More big kisses for you and for Jeanne. Your,

Papa.

His reward for that came weeks later in a letter from Lucie: "I was touched to the depths of my soul by the letter you wrote to our Pierre; he was enchanted, and his child's face lighted up when I read your lines to him; he knows them by heart. When he speaks of you he is all aflame."

* * *

"Nothing new; nothing new," were the despairing words Dreyfus entered in his diary after each letter from Lucie; but the answer that went back across the sea exhorted his dear ones to be hopeful for him who had no hope.

Courage, and still courage, [he urged Lucie] to march steadfastly onward to your goal—the unclouded honor of our name—and to wish for both our sakes that this goal may be soon reached. The dear little letters written by the children move me deeply, cause me extreme emotion; I often wet them with my tears, but I draw from them also my strength. . . .

To speak of my love for you, the love that unites us all, would be useless, would it not? Still, let me tell you again that my thought never leaves you for a day, that my heart is always near to you, to our children, to you all, ready to sustain you, to animate you with my unconquerable will. I embrace you with all my strength, with all my heart, and also the dear children.

In October Lucie wrote that her heart was broken "to think that you are alone, far from all those who love you with all their hearts, and that you are a prey to this awful suspense, torturing your mind to clear up this mystery, while your poor heart and your upright conscience cannot realize the existence of such infamy."

In desperation Dreyfus penned an appeal to the President of the Republic; he did not ask for a pardon; he did not ask for pity; he did not ask for favors.

In the name of my honor, torn from me by an appalling error, in the name of my wife, in the name of my children—ah, M. le President, at this last thought alone my father's heart, as a Frenchman and an honest man, cries out in anguish!—I ask justice from you; and this justice, which I beg of you with all my soul, with all the strength of my heart,

with hands joined in supreme prayer, is to probe the mystery of this tragic history, and thus to put an end to the martyrdom of a soldier and of a family to whom their honor is their all.

The letter was written on October 5, 1895. The answer was given to him on January 12, 1896. It said: "Rejected without commentary."

II

The new year found the rainy season at its height and Dreyfus was compelled to remain inside his stone prison. He became so restless that when the downpour weakened for a few moments he stepped outside, followed by his guard, and lifted up his bearded face to the warm drizzle.

But the chief warder came out quickly; ignoring Dreyfus, he said sharply to the guard, "You must not stay out when it rains."

It was petty meanness, for surely the prison commandant or the authorities back in Paris were not issuing such absurd orders. Nor was any one in authority considering the prisoner's health to such an extent that he must be guarded even from the rain although he was permitted to have a doctor at intervals when spells of fainting aroused in him the fear that the end was near. His heart gave him much trouble; he had spasms and at times he felt he was suffocating.

"You must take baths," the doctor said. "They will relieve this condition."

After he was gone Dreyfus asked the chief warder if he might fetch water for a bath. "The doctor has advised it," he explained.

"There will be no baths," said the chief warder. A few minutes later he went outside and took one himself, standing where Dreyfus would be sure to see him.

Several of the guards who felt pity for their prisoner temporarily forgot the order for silence while walking with Dreyfus in his small exercising space, but a new order was sent to the island early in 1896 informing Dreyfus that from then on he might ask about his mail and nothing else. A few weeks later the guards were told that immediate dismissal awaited the first man who answered any question of the prisoner.

A way was also found to torment him at night. In May the guards, who, with the exception of the man watching Dreyfus, had remained in their quarters, developed a sudden desire to spend part of the nights in ceaseless marching; for this purpose they wore wooden shoes!

Madness threatened again and Dreyfus sought relief by plunging once more into his study of English. He had a small library now—every three months he was permitted to receive books from Lucie; the scientific and literary reviews he read quickly and, in time, when the books from Paris went the way of many of Lucie's

"lost" letters, he was left with a few volumes which he read over and over again. They included some of Balzac's works, a history of painting, Montaigne's *Essays,* several histories of France and the works of Shakespeare. Of the latter Dreyfus never tired; *Hamlet* and *King Lear* were his favorites.

In *Othello* he found four lines which he copied and sent to Lucie:

> Who steals my purse steals trash; . . .
> But he that filches from me my good name
> Robs me of that which not enriches him
> And makes me poor indeed.

His pleasure in his books was short-lived, however, for vermin swarming in his hut got into them, gnawed them and laid eggs in them and the little library soon was in tatters. The mosquitoes never left him in peace during the rainy season and he was forever waging a war against the ants which knew no seasons. They became so numerous that they swarmed over his table and, in desperation, he collected four tin boxes, filled them with water and placed the table legs in them. The ants continued to swarm over the table and he saw that their engineering forces had formed chains across the water over which their comrades sped to the table legs. Such effort deserved some reward and for a few days he shared his table with them, but they became so thick that he eventually obtained petroleum for the tin boxes,

with which the science of the ant world could not deal.

The venomous spider crabs also bothered him. They entered the hut through holes between the roof and the walls and he was busy killing them when his time was not consumed with driving back the army of ants. His hands were the only protection against the mosquitoes and in time it became too much of an effort even to slap at the pests.

Dreyfus was very weak; at times he could not stand and the attacks of fever were followed by congestion of the brain. He arose one night only to collapse to the floor. For days after he lay on his cot unable to take food and not until two months later was he able to resume his diary.

He must have thought of death then; must have prayed for it, although neither his letters nor his diary ever mentioned an actual attempt at suicide. But prison authorities claimed that Dreyfus repeatedly threatened to end his life, and his physician, Dr. Veugmon, told correspondents at Cayenne that the prisoner had made at least one attempt to carry out these threats.

Dreyfus begged for medicine to bring relief from his violent headaches, Dr. Veugmon said. Antipyrin was the drug Dreyfus named. The doctor's suspicions were aroused. "I haven't that with me," he replied, "but I shall bring some to you."

When he returned he brought a dozen harmless cachets and told Dreyfus to take only two each day;

otherwise there would be fatal results. The next day the doctor returned; Dreyfus's headache had gone and the doctor asked for the remaining cachets. They were gone, "conclusive evidence," Dr. Veugmon told the correspondents, that Dreyfus had tried to kill himself.

On the other hand, all through Dreyfus's diary were expressions of his determination to live until the day of vindication. Whether, in moments of madness or hopelessness, he actually sought death, is his secret. The fact remains he clung to life even while writing such bitter, gloomy thoughts as these:

> The air is thick and heavy, the sky black as ink. A genuine day of death and burial.
>
> How often there recurs to my mind that exclamation of Schopenhauer, at the spectacle of human iniquity: "If God created the world, I would not be God."

III

In July Dreyfus resumed his diary, but only half-heartedly. He wrote that he was weak in body and brain but that his will was as strong as ever.

> July 26, 1896.
>
> This month I received no letters from my wife.
>
> August 2.
>
> At last the mails of May and June have arrived. There

is never any of the news I seek. It matters nothing; I shall struggle against my body, against my brain, against my heart, so long as a shadow of strength is left me. Until they have put me under the ground, I must see the end of this dark tragedy. I hope, for the sake of all of us, that the end may not be long delayed.

August 30.

My poor, dear Lucie! Her *Fête* Day must have passed very sorrowfully. I thought it was impossible to endure greater suffering, yet that day was worse than the others. If I had not restrained myself with fierce will, checking my heart, repressing my whole being, I should have shrieked with pain, so acute and violent was my grief.

September 1.

I am petrified, as it were, in my sorrow; I am obliged to concentrate all my strength to think and see no more.

September 2.

My nerves have made me suffer horribly all night; I should have liked to quiet them a little this morning by walking, but the rain falls in torrents, a rare thing at this time of year, for this is the dry season.

September 3.

I have had a horrible night of fever and delirium.

September 4.

In reading the letters from my family, sweat rolled down my forehead and my limbs trembled under me. . . . Oh, my poor Lucie! oh, my poor little ones!

September 5.

I no longer speak of my days and nights; they resemble one another in misery.

September 6.

I have just been warned that I must no longer walk in the part of the isle which had been reserved for me; I can henceforth only walk around my hut. How long shall I hold out? I cannot know! I wish this inhuman treatment would soon end; otherwise I can only bequeath my children to France, to that beloved country of mine which I have always served devotedly, loyally. . . .

Same day.

How my head throbs! How sweet death would be to me! Oh, my dear Lucie! my poor children! all my dear ones! What have I done on earth to be doomed to suffer thus?

September 7.

Yesterday evening I was put in irons! Why, I know not.

* * *

Dreyfus had gone to his pallet as usual; he had not noticed that the guards were excited, that they eyed him fearfully. When he lay down they came in, bringing the irons with them. Two bars of iron, shaped like an inverted U were attached by their lower extremities to the sides of the cot; to these bars were affixed another bar and two iron rings; in the latter the prisoner's ankles were padlocked.

The guards worked swiftly, fearing an outburst from the man who lay there watching them, but Dreyfus spoke not a word. Long ago he had ceased to protest, but he marveled the next morning when the rings were removed from his chafed ankles, that he had avoided insanity during the long night.

The irons tortured him; the rings were fastened tightly around his ankles and soon they rubbed sore places; he was so securely locked to his bed that the slightest attempt to change his position caused him pain. But he would not ask why this new punishment was meted out to him; he felt, though, that the end was near and he wrote in his diary, "Once again, if I do not survive, I bequeath my children to France, to my beloved country."

The commandant, whose name Dreyfus never learned, came the next day. "It is not a punishment," he told the prisoner. "It is a measure of precaution. The prison administration has no complaint to make against you."

Dreyfus did not reply; the commandant explained there were other measures of precaution. M. Andre Lebon, the Colonial Minister, who was responsible for the irons, had ordered also that Dreyfus be locked up in his hut during the day. "I am instructed to erect a palisade around your exercising yard," the commandant continued, "and"—he paused while a surge of pity went through him—"they inform me that henceforth only

a copy of your correspondence may be forwarded."

He turned abruptly and departed. Even he, whose iron hand had ruled hardened criminals for so many years, could not remain long in the dismal stone hut with the sunken, suffering eyes of a living dead man fixed on him.

For two months Dreyfus was locked in his hut while convict laborers erected the wooden palisade, which was seven feet in height and about five feet from the hut. The tiny barred windows, from which Dreyfus gazed down at the sea, were only four feet from the floor and when the palisade was completed he could no longer watch the restless ocean; it called to him still; he could hear its voice against the rocks, but he could not see. Heaven, earth and water were shut off from his vision.

Beyond the palisade another of the same height was built, and between the two, in a narrow path, under the blazing sun, Dreyfus was permitted to take brief exercise.

But long before this his spirit had been broken and he had brought his diary to an end. The irons, the palisades, were too much. Worn out in body and soul he wrote a farewell message to the President of the Republic, asking that his diary be transmitted to Lucie. He wrote:

> I now reproach nobody. I simply declare once more that I am innocent of this abominable crime, and still ask for

one thing, the same thing, that the search may be made for the true culprit, the author of this abominable deed.

And on the day when the light breaks, I beg that my dear wife and my dear children may receive all the pity that such a great misfortune should inspire.

He called the chief warder who affixed his name to the last page of the diary. "That is all I shall write," said Dreyfus. "You may take it away."

He lay down on his pallet; darkness came and the irons and nightmares, then a lucid minute toward dawn when he cried out hopelessly for Lucie. Clump, clump, clump—the guards forever on their maddening march —his flesh burned from the fever and the sores caused by insects and the irons. Oh, that ceaseless drumming of the rain on the roof. Will daylight ever come so I may leave these accursed irons? Daylight, with its blinding heat, torturous plodding between the palisades, its foul food. Do I want daylight?

He prayed: "Dear God, if there must be death let its blessed relief come quickly."

PART THREE

I

TRUTH SEEKERS AND OTHERS

THERE was despair, too, in France in September, 1896, although none of the small band working to uncover the real traitor knew of the latest torture which the prisoner on Devil's Island was forced to undergo. Little had been accomplished; little had been done with the exception of periodic appeals to the government authorities, for both Lucie and Mathieu Dreyfus had felt there could be no success while the populace's imagination remained fired by thoughts of that Jew, that traitor.

Yet day after day, night after night, Lucie and Mathieu, one of the few men who actually loved the cold, aloof Dreyfus, made their plans. They wept together over the pitiful letters from the desolate island; they wept together over the brave letters that urged them to be courageous, for they knew well because of their own sorrow how desperate was the man in his stone hut across the sea.

A few had rallied quietly to their cause. There was Joseph Reinach, a Deputy and publicist, later to be the historian of the famous affair. There was Bernard Lazare, the journalist, the first to dare to publish a pamphlet

defending Dreyfus. There were others who sympathized, who saw that here were drama, injustice, martyrdom, yet they were not ready to act. Among these was Emile Zola, hero of letters, veteran of many literary battles for all his timidity and shyness. Zola was away from France when Dreyfus was degraded, but he heard the story early in 1895 and it was typical of him that he was carried away by its drama. In a burst of excitement he cried out, "The man is innocent; I swear it!" although he knew none of the facts. Later Lazare told him the few facts that were known; the story still moved the great author, yet now he wanted certainties and, alas, even Lucie and Mathieu must admit these were lacking. Zola was ready, though, and his day was not far off.

Mathieu gave up everything to devote all his time to his brother's cause. He went through countless interviews, but there seemed to be no way to penetrate the solid ranks of the army. At times he was afraid that he and Lucie had erred in waiting for public feeling to die down; even the death cries of the mobs were more to be desired than the populace's smug satisfaction with the penalty meted out to the traitor. Without passion, regardless of the side swept by it, little could be accomplished.

Lucie, aged within a few months, wearing the black of widowhood, was near to hopelessness during the month Dreyfus was put in irons.

But only Mathieu and others of her family knew of her hopelessness. Her face showed the lines of sorrow, but otherwise she was outwardly the same. Her gowns were black, but they were exquisite gowns; from her hat to her boots she was always *chic* and stylish and beautiful.

Although little had been done in France to obtain a new trial for the prisoner on Devil's Island, Lucie had not been idle. She journeyed to Berlin and threw herself at the feet of the German Emperor—she who was so stately, so proud. "A word from you, sire—only a word," she begged. "Tell the French Ministry that you never received information from my husband!"

The Emperor was moved; he gave the word and the French Ministry was informed Dreyfus had not had dealings with Germany. But the French Ministry did not believe, nor could it be blamed for not believing. It knew of Germany's espionage system, the existence of which Germany denied. Then would not Germany deny also that it had connections with Dreyfus?

Lucie went to St. Petersburg and her appeal so moved the Tsar that he issued a semi-official statement expressing hope the Dreyfus case would be re-opened. This from the land where to be a Jew was to suffer! Lucie appealed to King Humbert of Italy, she appealed to the Pope, to the Queen Regent of Spain and all urged a new investigation.

The interest of the potentates naturally aroused concern in France—but nothing happened.

"The public itself must be stirred," said Reinach. He knew the value of publicity in any cause; he likewise knew the ruin publicity may bring, for he was the nephew and son-in-law of Baron Jacob von Reinach, of Hamburg, who killed himself when he was exposed as the chief robber in the Panama scandal. That scandal had ruined thousands in France and the name of Reinach was a name that was loathed; it had blocked Joseph Reinach's career, although he was entirely without guilt.

Knowing the dangers of sensationalism in the press, Reinach nevertheless acted to arouse public interest in Dreyfus. For a large sum of money he bribed an English journalist to publish a story that Dreyfus had escaped from Devil's Island aboard an American schooner.

The story was published, but before the public could be stirred by this foolish publicity a denial was telegraphed from French Guiana and the scheme was exposed.

Another telegram was despatched then; it was from Paris; and this telegram ordered Dreyfus put in irons.

His friends, seeking desperately to help him, were responsible for his worst physical torture.

Lucie's hopes sank and she wrote to her husband:

Colonel Picquart

> I have just received your letter of July 6 and my eyes are still swollen with tears as I write. My poor, poor dear husband, what a Calvary is yours, to what a martyrdom you are submitting! It is so awful, so overwhelming, that the mere thought of it drives me mad.

Even as she wrote the veil of secrecy was being lifted in the War Office itself where many changes had taken place. Du Paty de Clam was promoted as a reward for his extraordinary work as a military Sherlock Holmes; General Billot was Minister of War, General Boisdeffre was Chief of the General Staff and Colonel Georges Picquart was the new head of the Intelligence Department. Young, ambitious, handsome, Picquart was popular in society and in the army. He was confident a brilliant career lay ahead of him and he set about obtaining it with the zest of a boy beginning his first job. The only flaw was Colonel Henry, now his aide, whom Picquart disliked, although he knew not why. Henry still talked of the great day when he dramatically accused Dreyfus at the court-martial and he repeatedly warned the members of the General Staff, "Mark my words, we shall hear more of this case."

The General Staff was well aware of the Dreyfus family's moves and General Boisdeffre agreed with Henry that some day the army might be called upon to defend itself. If that day ever came, the General felt, it would be wise to be prepared. He did not have much

faith in the evidence against Dreyfus, despite his defense of the conviction, for he ordered Picquart to gather more evidence.

The youthful officer embarked eagerly on this task; the Intelligence Department's spies were brought in and given instructions and their chief sat back, confident that this matter would be attended to in no time. But, as the weeks passed, and he heard not one word concerning Dreyfus, he became worried. A fine way to begin his career; were all his agents dolts, then?

Colonel Henry departed on a mission and Picquart, forgetting him for a time, plunged into his work with renewed vigor. His reward came a few days later when one of his agents presented a French telegraphcard, or *petit bleu.*

It had been found, torn in pieces, in the waste basket in the office of the German Military Attaché, Von Schwarzkoppen. Verily that waste basket was a favorite foraging ground for the spies of the French War Office!

Picquart pasted the pieces together and once again the Schwarzkoppen basket yielded evidence of a traitor. The *petit bleu* read:

Major Esterhazy,
27, rue de la Bienfaisance,
Paris.
Sir,

I await before everything a more detailed explanation

than that which you gave me the other day upon the question at issue. I beg you, therefore, to give it to me in writing, so that I can judge if I may continue my relations with the firm of R—— or not.

C.

There was the name; there was the address. The treasonable note was addressed to Major Count Ferdinand von Walsin Esterhazy, an infantry officer, who boasted he was a descendant of a ducal house of Austria. His father had been a General in the French Army and Esterhazy himself had risen rapidly.

There was nothing to link Esterhazy with Dreyfus, but Picquart was hopeful. Perhaps this man was Dreyfus's accomplice; what a feather in his cap if he could prove that! All the army was certain Dreyfus had had an accomplice. After Esterhazy now! Here is your opportunity!

The spies busied themselves with their new tasks and shortly information was pouring into Picquart's office. Esterhazy was a gambler, Esterhazy wallowed in debauchery; he was popular in the cafés and, ah! was forever ranting against France. Those superiors of his, they did not appreciate him; did they expect a man of the world to live on the paltry money they gave him? France, bah! The army, bah!

Esterhazy's letters were seized and Picquart, eager to link the new traitor with the old, sent for a photograph of the famous *bordereau* that had doomed Drey-

fus. He placed *bordereau* and letters on his desk and studied them thoroughly; slowly there came to him the amazing realization that the handwriting of *bordereau* and letters was similar. Similar! Was not there a striking resemblance? On what had he stumbled? Why, this was not mere coincidence; the handwriting was more than similar. It was identical!

But he must have the word of an expert. Excitedly he sent for Bertillon. "You are correct," said Bertillon.

Picquart was jubilant. "Then Dreyfus is innocent! Esterhazy is the traitor! What a discovery!"

"Dreyfus innocent?" exclaimed Bertillon. "Why do you say that? Where are the proofs?"

"Do you not see?" cried Picquart. "The Esterhazy letters were written recently; Dreyfus could not have written them. He is innocent, I tell you!"

Bertillon thought quickly. "Not so," he insisted lamely. "Impossible. The Jews simply have found some one to imitate the *bordereau* writing."

But he was shaken and he thought uneasily of how positive he had been at the Dreyfus court-martial.

II

Picquart had no doubts; if he did they were dispelled when he examined the secret *dossier,* which had been presented to the court martial without the knowledge of Dreyfus or his attorney. Picquart dismissed the *dos-*

sier as having no weight; the gossip, the vague "notes" it contained were, to his mind, foolish.

He now was as eager to shed light on the Dreyfus Affair as he had been to pile up more evidence against the prisoner on Devil's Island. Glory would be his, for would he not save the army from a terrible disgrace? This great wrong would be righted, the real traitor would be punished and all France would ring with praise of Picquart. But he must act quickly. It was unthinkable that anything should happen to Dreyfus before the truth was made known.

He went to General Boisdeffre and to General Gonse, Deputy Chief of the Headquarters Staff. "We must take steps at once," he cried. "We must act before it is too late."

His superiors were dismayed. Perhaps they had been honestly convinced at the court-martial that Dreyfus was guilty, yet here, even discounting Picquart's enthusiasm, was evidence that should have caused doubts. But they listened to Picquart and attempted cautiously to intimate to him that they were not at all in accord with his plans. From that day on the chiefs of the army were pledged to oppose all efforts on behalf of Dreyfus. To them it was simply a question of sacrificing one Jew or the entire army.

Picquart did not sense this opposition at first. Confident that he was paving the path to glory he continued to pile up evidence in favor of Dreyfus. Only when his

enthusiastic efforts began to attract attention and rumors began to circulate through Paris did his superiors summon him and tell him frankly that if he desired to continue his army career he must abandon this foolish enterprise. Did he think for one moment that the army could endure were it to confess that it had erred? What was one Jew compared to the noble army? Cease, man, for your sake, for the sake of all of us.

Picquart was crushed. He loved the army as Dreyfus loved it, but he loved justice, too. He was in despair for days; on one hand he could not bear the thought of giving up his uniform, of abandoning all his dreams of success; on the other he was tormented by the conviction that an innocent man was paying for the crime of another, who even now was going his joyous way along the boulevards.

He compromised for the time being. Outwardly he had been subdued by his superiors, but they watched him closely and they knew that he had not gone down entirely under discipline. Henry came back from his mission and heard with horror of the events that had occurred. He and du Paty de Clam were panic-stricken —their beloved army was in peril; rumors were appearing in the newspapers now. Lucie and Mathieu knew a new hope. At last a new day was dawning. Who was the real traitor? Why did the General Staff remain quiet in the face of all these rumors? Some of the details of the

petit bleu were known, but the public had not yet heard the name of Esterhazy.

Henry, desperately afraid for his army, sought out Esterhazy. A tall, thin man was this Esterhazy, with a long, defiant, yellow moustache, and beady, black eyes. He was an arresting figure as he swaggered along the boulevards with a mistress on his arm. He was a dandy as was du Paty, but whereas some chuckled over du Paty's foppish ways, women admired and men envied the debonair Esterhazy.

He was money mad. He inherited a quarter of a million francs from an uncle and in four years he was penniless. So he married an heiress and squandered her dowry on other women. He was made a sublieutenant in the French Army in 1870 simply because there was a dearth of officers and in his ambition to rise, not for honor, but for more francs, he forged, in 1881, a citation for bravery in a battle with the Arabs in Algiers.

His forgery was discovered, but Esterhazy, who always had led a charmed life, was forgiven!

Such was Esterhazy.

To him went Henry when revival of the Dreyfus Affair threatened. To him Henry whispered a garbled account of an incriminating document in the Dreyfus secret *dossier* and Esterhazy hied himself immediately to the jingo-royalist press. The result was that in the middle of September, 1896, the *Éclair* burst forth

with a sensational account of the "overwhelming" evidence, exclusive of the *bordereau,* on which Dreyfus had been convicted.

The *Éclair* did not stress that this evidence was sent illegally to the court-martial judges; it offered it simply as proof that the public did not know all the details of the evidence and it demanded that the Dreyfusards cease their agitation in view of the new documents just come to light.

One of these documents named Dreyfus, the *Éclair* announced, and here it was for all to read: *décidément cet animal de Dreyfus devient trop exigéant* (decidedly that animal Dreyfus is becoming too exacting). Later the *Éclair* published another version of the document, claiming it read: *cette canaille de D.* (that rascal D.) The inference, of course, in the second version, was that the initial D. referred to Dreyfus, which it did not, as events many years later showed.

But the *Éclair's* sensational article served to arouse new interest in the affair and when the *Matin* published a facsimile of the *bordereau,* which it had obtained from one of the handwriting experts, the fight was on again in earnest. Mathieu had the facsimile printed on pamphlets and placards and they were broadcast throughout France. Every one now could compare the *bordereau* handwriting with that of Dreyfus, which also was broadcast, and the people of France began to think for themselves. The

writings did not appear the same; the experts said they were, however.

Could there have been an error? How terrible if Dreyfus really were innocent!

The anti-Dreyfusards, to offset the stirring of public interest, shouted that the traitor had confessed on the very day of his degradation, had admitted to Captain Lebrun-Renault, "if I have furnished documents it was to obtain others." At the time there was no way of answering this, for none of Dreyfus's friends knew that Colonel Sandherr, now many months in his grave, had denied the correctness of the so-called confession. In 1895 rumors of a confession had been broadcast and the *Echo de l'Armée* editors decided to publish an article concerning it. The advice of Sandherr was sought and this was his reply:

> No, do not publish the article. . . . It would open the door to needless discussion; for, I tell you frankly, it is not correct. Dreyfus did not make confessions to the Captain of the Republican guard, as he told you. . . . The condemned man simply recalled the words of the Minister which Major du Paty de Clam had been deputed to convey to him. The Captain, who, without proper reason, has noised abroad the conversation held by him with the condemned man before the degradation, has involuntarily omitted to put in his mouth the words "he said" in speaking of these remarks of the Minister: "If I have furnished documents, he (the Minister) said, it was to obtain others." I do not

know the full text of these remarks, but rest assured they are the words of the Minister; not of Dreyfus.

The Dreyfusards could have hastened the realization of their cause had they known of this note, which was not revealed until later, but the broadcasting of the *bordereau* facsimile and the rumors concerning another traitor were beginning to batter down the army's defense. Lazare led off with a bold pamphlet defending the condemned man and in November M. Castelin, a Deputy from Aisne, brought matters to a head by announcing that he would interpellate the Government concerning all the rumors and would demand to know what steps the Government planned to take. Jaurès, the Socialist leader, joined the Dreyfusard ranks and his followers went with him.

Lucie wept tears of joy. The truth would come out now! She wrote a letter full of hope to her husband, striving to let him know victory was near, but unable to state definitely, even to hint, the facts.

The letter never reached Dreyfus.

M. Castelin's announcement was a blow to the military authorities, but once more Henry saved the day. What, they questioned the guilt of this traitor? Well, he would see to that. And so he sat down at his desk and simply manufactured new evidence. He forged a note, in poor French, signed the name of Major Panizzardi, Italian Military Attaché, and addressed it to Colonel von

Schwarzkoppen. They questioned that Dreyfus sold secrets to Germany, did they? Here was something to show he dealt with Italy, also!

The forged note read:

> My dear Friend:
>
> I read that a Deputy is going to interpellate upon Dreyfus. If . . . [questioned] I shall say that I never had relations with that Jew. That is agreed. If you are asked, say likewise, for no one must ever know what has passed with him.

That note might have started a world war. Henry didn't know whether it would or not, and he didn't care if it did; the army had to be saved.

Henry took it to Generals Boisdeffre and Gonse; it was shown to General Billot, Minister of War. It came, said Henry, "from the usual sources," and truer words than those were never spoken. Billot mentioned the note to Picquart, who immediately expressed the belief that it was a forgery. In this, of course, he was as biased as his superiors for he had no proof that the note was not authentic, but Picquart was about ready now to toss away his gag and speak out; from now on nothing could convince him Dreyfus was guilty.

Billot was relieved and when he replied to the interpellation in the Chamber of Deputies his voice rang with confidence. The court-martial, he said, was according to law, Dreyfus's appeal had been rejected and (speaking very mysteriously) there were state reasons which

prevented him from disclosing the secret evidence.

Ah! state reasons. The Deputies were overawed; they voiced their approval and their faith. The army felt it had weathered another crisis.

But Billot had said enough to rouse Germany and Italy. The two governments questioned the authenticity of these mysterious documents. And that fool Picquart was becoming troublesome again. The military authorities pigeonholed the protests of Germany and Italy and placed the seal of doom on Picquart.

III

Picquart was Chief of the Intelligence Department and there was no complaint until he brought the *petit bleu* note to the attention of his superiors; in fact, he had been considered an unusually suitable man for the post. But now he was sent to Algeria, in command of a regiment of sharpshooters. And back in Paris Henry was sitting in Picquart's chair, the new chief of the Secret Service.

Picquart now tasted the bitter fruits of exile, but if his superiors who had made him an outcast thought the punishment would forever tame him they sadly misjudged their man and the effect of the rôle they assigned to him. Dreary though his existence was, its very loneliness served to make him picture more vividly the plight of Dreyfus on Devil's Island and he resolved that re-

gardless of the machinations of the Generals he would not carry his secrets to his grave.

He thought of death, for there was no doubt in his mind that the "special mission" on which he had been sent was planned deliberately to make way with him. He knew for a certainty how the military authorities feared him when orders came despatching him to a distant outpost, where he would be at the mercy of wild native tribes. His immediate superior was aghast. It was certain death to go to that place. Were they all mad in Paris?

"It is certain death," agreed Picquart. "That is why I am being sent there." Then he told his story.

"It is fiendish!" cried his superior. "You shall not go."

That plot failed.

But Picquart remained in exile; letters he wrote did not reach their destinations; his closest friends in Paris were unable to learn his whereabouts and in desperation he finally wrote to Henry protesting against this treatment. Henry replied in violent terms. Picquart had brought this on himself. What could he expect after his disgraceful conduct in attempting to prove Dreyfus did not write the *bordereau?* Throughout the letter were veiled threats which so alarmed Picquart that he obtained a leave of absence from the General who had saved his life and hurried back to Paris. He felt that the day was near when he would suffer a fate similar to that of Dreyfus and, that his name might be cleared of all

stain, he told his entire story to M. Leblois, old friend of his family and an able lawyer. Before he went back to his regiment he gave M. Leblois the letters from Henry and also letters he had received from General Gonse. The latter showed that the General Staff was fully acquainted with details surrounding the *petit bleu* and was deliberately concealing them "for the honor of the army."

Leblois's horror of the injustice he saw led him either to forget or dismiss his promise to Picquart to do nothing unless Picquart went to his doom. The kindly lawyer, who had kept many secrets during his career, could not keep this one. He sought out M. Scheurer-Kestner, who came from Dreyfus's own Alsace and was a Vice President of the Senate. For many months Scheurer-Kestner, a man who commanded respect wherever he went, had been interested in the Dreyfus Affair. His first interest had been aroused because he was an Alsatian and because he had been strangely moved by the persistent pleas from Lucie and Mathieu that he would join their cause. But he allowed for bias and he made his own investigations which led him to the conclusion that, at the best, there were doubts. Therefore he had proceeded cautiously.

When the troubled Leblois came to him with the damning letters Scheurer-Kestner threw caution to the winds. His heart was heavy because Billot, the War Minister, was his friend and he detected Billot's approval of the War Office's desperate measures to still the cries of

the Dreyfusards, but his conscience would not permit him to remain silent longer.

"There has been grave injustice," he told his friends. "Something must be done to save Dreyfus—and Picquart. The army must do it."

He would go to his friend Billot, would make a personal plea. Certainly, even if Billot had sanctioned this horrible thing, he would realize he was only putting off the day of judgment for the army. He went to Billot. He pleaded: "It is for the army to reopen this case. Let the light in!"

"I am helpless; I can do nothing," replied the War Minister. That was an admission; there *was* something, then, that should be done. But Billot could not do it. "There would be war certainly," he added.

Scheurer-Kestner reminded him that when the *bordereau* was made public there was no threat of war.

"But there are other documents!" Billot cried excitedly. "We dare not divulge them. It would mean war, I say!" Then, because he saw his friend did not believe, he mentioned the Panizzardi note, the forgery of Henry. This was to be the overwhelming evidence to convince Scheurer-Kestner, but the Senator, who had heard Billot say he was helpless, was not convinced. He suggested the note was a forgery and as he rose to go he said to the man who had been his close friend, "I myself shall act if the army does not do so within two weeks."

Two weeks passed and the army did not act. In the

meantime one of the facsimiles of the *bordereau* broadcast by Mathieu had come into the hands of one Castro, a banker. He went at once to Mathieu. "It is in the handwriting of Major Esterhazy," he said. "Of that there is no doubt. I have transacted much business with him. I know his handwriting."

This was the first time Esterhazy's name had been heard by the Dreyfus family. Outside the army only Scheurer-Kestner and Leblois knew of it. Mathieu knew that Scheurer-Kestner knew and after Castro's visit the frantic brother of Dreyfus besought the Senator to speak.

"The banker is correct," said Scheurer-Kestner. "It is Esterhazy."

The die was cast. The army had failed. It was war, then, from now on.

Mathieu raced home to Lucie; he raced back to Scheurer-Kestner. Did the Senator think they should act immediately? The Senator did.

Ah! the end was in sight. Vindication was near. Mathieu and Lucie were as excited as children. The real traitor had been found! That lonely creature on Devil's Island would be home soon. That scoundrel Esterhazy, how he should be made to suffer!

In November, 1897, Mathieu and Scheurer-Kestner joined in sending a letter to War Minister Billot denouncing Esterhazy as the traitor and demanding justice for Dreyfus.

Major Esterhazy at the time of the Affair.

IV

The ranks were formed, Dreyfusards and anti-Dreyfusards. The former were greatly outnumbered by the latter and they were handicapped in that they could not agree on the course to pursue. Some favored a mild protest to ease their consciences and, at the same time, maintain their dignity; others clamored for nothing less than a revolution—these would not have believed Dreyfus guilty had he confessed before their eyes—and another class, caring not at all about the prisoner on Devil's Island, sought only political spoils.

The anti-Dreyfusards set up a great cry against the "Jewish Syndicate." The syndicate had millions of francs, they said, and every Dreyfusard was receiving his share. Down with the Jews! To the rescue of the Army!

All France was aflame. Spies and forgers roamed everywhere, offering tempting evidence, neatly forged, to the Dreyfusards. They hoped, these spies and forgers, that the Dreyfusards would accept their offerings which then could be exposed as unauthentic.

The *Figaro* added to the uproar by demanding that Dreyfus be brought back to France for a new trial. The jingo-royalist press roared back, heaping calumnies on Scheurer-Kestner and Picquart, the latter now back in Paris, but virtually a military prisoner. Esterhazy, thoroughly frightened, although the army was backing him

to save itself, challenged Picquart to a duel. They fought at dawn one day; both came through fairly unscathed.

Every one was fighting duels. Joseph Reinach had time for little else.

Government employees who expressed their belief in Dreyfus's innocence quickly found themselves without positions. Major Forzinetti, who had been so kind to Dreyfus in the Cherche Midi prison, said in public what he had said to the Generals two years before. Out of the regular army he went and back to the reserve.

The army was sick of Esterhazy. It wanted to rid itself of him, but it did not dare. It had an excellent opportunity when a disgruntled former mistress, Mlle. Boulancy, supplied newspapers with letters the beau of the boulevards had written her during one of his rages because the army did not appreciate him. "I should like to be at the head of a company of drunken Uhlans, pillaging Paris!" Did that sound like a traitor? The army chieftains gulped, they made excuses, they finally "retired" Esterhazy temporarily and this frightened him and made him so bitter that his tongue was loosened more than ever. He became an actual menace to the army, which nevertheless caused word to be sent to him that he would be protected. He was informed of all developments by a mysterious "veiled lady" who met him each night in a park and whispered words of encouragement. The "veiled lady" was accompanied by a man who wore

an enormous false beard . . . du Paty, the burlesque detective, again.

"You probably shall have to submit to a court-martial," the "veiled lady" told Esterhazy one night. "But do not fear; you shall be cared for."

* * *

Paris was beginning to notice certain articles in the *Figaro*. They were mild at first, but soon they were crying passionately for justice. Emile Zola was in the thick of it at last, for all the certainties he had wanted had been furnished by Scheurer-Kestner and Leblois. The drama he still appreciated, of course, but it had been submerged beneath an indignation that was soon to burst its bonds.

Zola did not remain long with the *Figaro*. His articles became so fiery that the editor, who accepted them, was removed by his superiors. Very well then; Zola would publish pamphlets. In the middle of December he issued the famous *Letter to Young Men*, in which he pleaded:

> Oh, young men, young men, remember all your fathers suffered, the terrible battles which they fought and gained in order to win for you the freedom which you enjoy today. . . . You have not been born beneath a tyranny; you do not know what it is to awake every morning with the heel of the master upon your neck; you have not fought to escape from the sword of the dictator, from the false scales

of the unjust judge. Thank your fathers for this and do not commit the crime of applauding lies, of joining the ranks of brute force, of fanatical intolerance, of ambitious greed. The dictatorship is at an end.

He wrote of the warders standing guard over Dreyfus:

Let them remain unmoved; but you, how can you so remain? . . . How is it that while one single martyr exists . . . the spirit of chivalry does not prompt you to espouse his cause? . . . Ah, does it not cover you with shame that it is not you, but the old men, the men of a past generation, who, full of the enthusiasm which should be yours, are performing your work today?

Two days later he spoke at the funeral of Alphonse Daudet whom he had loved. The tears rolled down into his beard as he read his speech and a band of youths, hired by the anti-Dreyfusards, roared their answer to his *Letter:*

"Down with Zola! Sold to the Jews! Down with the traitor!"

V

The War Office and the Colonial Office had not forgotten Devil's Island.

"At the first sign of an attempt to escape you will be shot," Dreyfus was warned; was it coincidence that this warning was given directly after the fight for his freedom was brought into the open in Paris? Or, as in the

case of the irons, was it merely a "precautionary" measure?

Dreyfus did not question it; he was beyond all questioning. His tired eyes flickered open one night as his guards dashed into the stone hut. He heard the booming of a cannon, then rifle shots. The guard nearest to him eyed him steadily, a pistol in each hand.

"What is the matter?" Dreyfus asked; there was no answer and he closed his eyes again. Even cannon fire could not excite him.

He learned later the shots had been aimed at a schooner some one thought he saw off Devil's Island. But the world knows now that the prison authorities themselves had sent out a boat to provide an excuse for a night alarm.

Had Dreyfus moved he would have been shot dead. What a relief that would have been to the harassed High Command in France!

II

THE IDOLIZED TRAITOR

WHEN the storm first broke over his head Esterhazy was panic-stricken; he talked of suicide. But such an act would have been disastrous to his superiors. They would have been overjoyed at Dreyfus's death, but Esterhazy's self-destruction would have been a confession of guilt in the eyes of the world and, if Esterhazy were shown to be guilty, what then of the Dreyfus Affair?

This imbecile must be watched; nay, he must be protected. So it was the "veiled lady" was called upon to bring comfort to him; and Esterhazy, now assured of protection, resumed his strutting. He even became so bold as to launch into his old tirades against his superiors and he talked especially of the meagre salary that was his. The reasons for his bitterness at this anxious time was not learned until years later, after all doubt of his guilt was removed. It was revealed then that the money he had been receiving from Germany for betraying his country's military secrets had been stopped when the outcry against him was at its height. The foreign power simply got rid of him because he was no longer useful. Esterhazy was money-mad; during the time he was crying out

against the Dreyfusards, accusing them of being in the pay of the "Jewish Syndicate," he was receiving his traitor's gold from Germany.

The soothing words of the "veiled lady" finally instilled so much confidence in him that he boldly demanded that he be tried by court-martial. The army was only too glad to accommodate him.

He went on trial in January, 1898, on charges of writing the *bordereau* that had condemned Dreyfus, and of treason. Great crowds swarmed outside the court-martial room and the air was alive with their cries as on the day of Dreyfus's trial. But they were not shouting threats at Esterhazy; they were not demanding his blood. "Down with the traitor! Down with the traitor!" The old, familiar chorus, but it was not directed at Esterhazy. The mobs in the street knew only one traitor, the prisoner on Devil's Island.

The trial was brief and it was a farce. Regardless of what verdict was brought in it was a farce. The military minds dominated it completely; they really tried Picquart, not Esterhazy, and as for the prisoner himself everything he said in his defense was accepted as the truth by his judges.

"The *bordereau?* Naturally, the *bordereau* was in my handwriting!" Esterhazy appeared surprised that any one had doubted that. Well, then, if he wrote the *bordereau* he was the traitor; Dreyfus was not.

"Ah, no; you misunderstand me," Esterhazy explained

gently. "It is in my handwriting, but I did not write it. The traitor Dreyfus traced my handwriting, later put it together—and there was the *bordereau!* A clever scheme, you see, to protect himself!"

Such an astounding defense! Both Dreyfusards and anti-Dreyfusards were so overcome by it that no one appeared to sense the real significance of it. Here was Esterhazy admitting that the handwriting of the *bordereau* was his; whether, as he so foolishly claimed, Dreyfus had traced Esterhazy's writing from some other papers and had pieced the letters together, should not have mattered to the Dreyfusards. The important point was that Esterhazy granted the writing was his and not Dreyfus's.

What, then, of the handwriting experts—especially of Bertillon—who testified in 1894 that the handwriting of the *bordereau* was identical with Dreyfus's?

Surely here was a major point to be stressed in the fight for a new trial for the prisoner on Devil's Island. But the Dreyfusards either did not notice it or ignored it; they were so determined to bring about Esterhazy's conviction that a verdict of guilty was the only victory they could see.

The *petit bleu,* Esterhazy asserted and his superiors supported him, was a forgery perpetrated by that archfiend, Picquart. The judges nodded wisely.

The verdict, of course, was a foregone conclusion. "This trial is a farce," Zola told his friend, Georges Clemenceau, that cub from whom France was beginning

to hear and who would continue to be heard long after he was the full-grown "Tiger." "The verdict will acquit him."

Zola's forecast was correct. The promptness with which Esterhazy was found not guilty caused even some of his friends to wonder.

It was a great day for Esterhazy. He left the court with his head held high, bowing and waving, gallantly guiding his mistress, Mlle. Pays, through the crowds. A great ovation. Cries of *"Vive l'Armée!" "Vive la France!"* All for Esterhazy, proudly offering his hand to be kissed.

Cries of "Down with the Jew!" "Down with the traitor!" All for the man thousands of miles away, whose hands were chained to his bed.

II

The fight went on. Zola threw himself into the thick of it, working side by side with Clemenceau, Scheurer-Kestner, Anatole France, the latter his bitter literary enemy, but his admirer in this struggle. Zola, nearly sixty, believing himself done with controversies, was amazed and delighted at the new vigor that stirred within him. Here was life. How absurd to look upon himself as nearing old age. There was plenty of strength left in him. On to the battle!

He had moments when he was terrified; he was hooted

in the streets, stones were tossed through the windows of his home; he heard time and time again the mobs roaring for his death. "Sold to the Jews!" "Down with Zola!" He answered them, even as their shouts made his skin tingle, with burning words that flowed day after day from his pen. Clemenceau worked with him, undisturbed, but this mad life was not new to Clemenceau, who took the insults calmly. Some day the crowds would be cheering him and calling him the Grand Old Man of the Republic. Now let them roar, let them hurl stones, let them kill. Zola was different. He was the timid one. The cries of the mob, hired by the day by the anti-Dreyfusards, made his scalp crawl. "Down with Zola!" "Down with Zola!"

But he wrote on.

* * *

For three days he wrote and not once was he left alone by the mob. The title of his article was "Letter to M. Felix Faure, President of the Republic"; it was twenty pages in length. He wrote furiously because there was need for haste. Down in the Rue Montmartre, Clemenceau and others were waiting in the office of the *Aurore*, a newspaper that had been born with the Dreyfus Affair. All the other newspapers were closed to Zola; the pamphlets he had published himself reached only a small audience and the Dreyfusards needed now to reach thousands.

"Long live Esterhazy!" the mob was screaming. Yes,

the Dreyfusards needed to reach thousands—scores of thousands.

* * *

It was done. Zola bustled away to the Rue Montmartre where, in a dusty little room, he read his article.

It was a masterpiece! It would change the status of everything! It was packed with drama, yet it was a lawyer's brief! So the little group exclaimed, marveling that this man of letters had been able to write a devastating history of the entire case in twenty pages without missing one important detail. And his logic; ah, his logic!

How du Paty de Clam would writhe! "He is the whole Dreyfus Affair. . . . He appears as the foggy, complicated, ruling spirit; haunted by romantic intrigues, devouring serial novels, titillating himself with stolen papers, anonymous letters, strange trysts, mysterious women who come by night to sell crushing evidence, secrets of state. . . ."

The secret *dossier:* "One exists, yes. A ridiculous paper . . . but a paper involving the defense of the nation that could not be produced without war being declared tomorrow?—no, no! it is a lie!"

The Generals—no one is spared: "Here it is a year since Generals Billot, Boisdeffre and Gonse know that Dreyfus is innocent and they keep the fearful thing to themselves. And those men sleep, and they have wives and children they love."

On and on, each piece of evidence being analyzed and tossed into the discard, until Zola came to his summation, eight paragraphs, each beginning "I Accuse." The last read:

"I Accuse, lastly, the first court-martial (Dreyfus) of having violated all human rights in condemning a prisoner on testimony kept secret from him, and I Accuse the second court martial (Esterhazy) of having covered up this illegality *by order,* committing in turn the judicial crime of acquitting a man with full knowledge of his guilt."

The conclusion; the defiance of the timid one! "I have one passion only, for light, in the name of humanity which has borne so much and has a right to happiness. My burning protest is only the cry of my soul. Let them dare, then, to carry me to the court of appeals, and let there be an inquest in the full light of the day.

"I am waiting."

* * *

"The title," exclaimed Clemenceau. "We must have a strong title." He was wise in the ways of the world and knew Zola's original title lacked everything the article contained. "Ah, I have it; the title is there: 'I Accuse!' "

"*J'accuse!*" So it was named, and the *Aurore's* presses turned furiously, roaring "*J'accuse! J'accuse!*" Through the streets of Paris sped the news venders, shrieking

"*J'accuse! J'accuse!*" It was a cry that went around the world; to the prairie towns in the United States, the pampas in the Argentine, the junks in the Chinese rivers, the jungles in Africa, the steppes in Siberia.

"*J'accuse! J'accuse!*"

III

Zola's hope was that he would be placed on trial for libel and, in this manner, evidence in the Dreyfus Affair could be brought into the open at last. He was not to be disappointed in obtaining a trial, but the swift reaction to his article confounded him. Tool of the Jews, as he had been pictured, the immediate effect of "*J'accuse*" was to arouse a blood lust against the "Syndicate." In many towns in France the homes and stores of Jews were sacked; in Algiers there were murders; a massacre threatened. The anti-Dreyfusard press deliberately sought to incite the mobs to kill Zola; it published his address—as though all Paris did not know it by then—and recklessly pledged great honors to his assassin.

The clamoring under his windows was never stilled. He was in peril and he knew it, but much of his timidity had disappeared or had been submerged under the near fanatical power that urged him on; nevertheless he heeded the advice of friends and left his home to live among them.

The military clique was in very deep water. It was

accustomed to attacks; it probably would not have worried so much over "*J'accuse*" but for the fact that the storm had been created at an inopportune time. Elections were near. If the government fell so would many official heads. And the army knew that the sentiments of the nation could not be judged by the actions of the anti-Semitic mobs. Zola would have to be tried. But how to try him without stirring up the Dreyfus Affair again? That was the all-important question and the Generals put their heads together over it. Within a week they had found a way out. On January 20, 1898, Zola was formally notified that he would be tried for libel. But the charge was to be based on only a fraction of his article, the few lines in which he accused the Esterhazy court-martial of voting acquittal *on order*. The "insults" to the army, to individuals would be ignored; all reference to Esterhazy, to Dreyfus would be ignored. Now, you Dreyfusards, what have you to say to that?

They had little to say; they were dumfounded. They had not foreseen this. How they were blocked at every turn in trying to shed light on the lonely prisoner on Devil's Island! Jewish Syndicate! And what did this clique that would not even hear of a condemned man, be he guilty or innocent, consider itself?

But the Dreyfusards prepared to do battle. Clemenceau's brother, Albert, and Maître Fernand Labori, whose name also was to go around the world, were chosen to defend Zola. Georges Clemenceau was to defend Per-

renx, manager of the *Aurore,* who also was charged with libel. Not a stone would be left unturned to get outside the sole charge, for Dreyfus must be the first thought, Zola, the second.

Lucie was to be there, too. "Ah, that will be the great scene," said Zola, the author again. "They will listen to her and their hearts will melt."

III

THE TRIAL OF ZOLA

"THERE will be no discussion of the things adjudged."

It is the presiding judge speaking, fat old M. Delagorgue, who knows well what may be and what must not be in this trial. "You will confine yourselves," he tells the Clemenceaus and Labori, "to the specific charge." Nothing about Dreyfus then; it is true, the military clique can gag as it pleases. "But you are trying to stop a flood," roars Labori, the blond, bearded giant.

Zola listens impatiently. On with the trial; the truth will come out as we go along. He is impatient and he is nervous, too, for the courtroom is crowded with enemies and outside, in the Place Dauphine, are thousands yelling for his blood, cheering the army.

The reading of the list of witnesses takes a long time. Will they never get on? Ah, here is Lucie Dreyfus; black dress, black coat, black hat, black veil. But you can see, even through the veil, that there is little color in her face. Zola's heart pounds; this is the big scene; perhaps they will call her first. What a noble woman! How does she manage to endure through all this? What drama when

her husband comes back! But will he ever come back?

Word is brought that du Paty de Clam and General Boisdeffre refuse to testify. "Professional secrecy" is the General's excuse; du Paty simply sends word he does not care to appear!

Zola cries indignantly, "We must know if these persons are acting on orders of the Minister of War or on their own volition"; and Labori demands, "Are these officers totally exempt from the laws and the respect due to justice?"

Little is done that first day; there is mostly talk. Mathieu and Scheurer-Kestner, sitting together, have hopelessness written on their faces. It is plain to them that Zola's trial will not help Dreyfus.

* * *

The second day. A letter from Esterhazy is read. He, too, refuses to appear. "Then bring him here by force," bellows Labori and is rebuked by the presiding judge.

Lucie, at last. She is about to testify. Zola is greatly excited. Be clever now; do not be too hasty; we will get our evidence in despite the army.

Labori permits Lucie to sit there for several minutes before questioning her. He wants the jury to see her as he sees her. The jury is watching her closely; so is the presiding judge. They appear fascinated. Now is the time!

Softly Labori asks his first question, striking directly

at the Dreyfus Affair, ignoring Zola, for that is the plan. "Under what circumstances were you informed by du Paty de Clam of your husband's arrest in 1894?"

Zola leans forward eagerly. Why does she not lift her veil? If these tradespeople who are the jury can but see her face! Ah, now she is going to answer; the lips are moving under the veil.

The judge comes to his senses. "The question is not allowed!" Labori protests formally, but he is pushed aside as Zola leaps to his feet, shaking with indignation, eyes glowing behind his glasses. "I demand the same treatment as the assassin and the thief. They have the right to defend themselves but I have not. . . ."

The judge sputters. "But do you not know the law? Silence!"

"No, I do not know it and I do not want to know it!" Zola hardly hears his own words; he is furious that Lucie's testimony has been ruled out; he is thinking only of Dreyfus. The spectators boo him, but he goes on blindly, "I have a right to speak, to call witnesses. I am being slandered . . . rolled in the mud. . . ."

"The law, the law!" shouts the judge. Zola, suddenly aware that he is not helping the cause, sinks back into his chair. Lucie goes to the witnesses' room and there she becomes hysterical. She who has been so strong gives way at last. She has pinned all her hopes on Esterhazy's trial and he is free, a hero. She has known new hope be-

cause of Zola's trial and they will not permit her to speak. Three days later she writes to Labori:

". . . The anguish of these three days, added to all that I have suffered during the last three years, has rendered me incapable of bearing a fresh ordeal. . . ."

"Under these conditions," Labori says sadly, "I give up calling Mme. Dreyfus."

II

It is the same story day after day. Du Paty de Clam finally appears, walking forward with mincing steps, contorting his face to keep his monocle fitted. "I will not answer questions," he says, and Labori is helpless to make him answer.

Henry, big, red-faced, snarling, talks, but talks only of that fiend Picquart. M. Casimir-Perier, former President of the Republic, startles the army when he says, "Excuse me, I cannot tell the truth. It is my duty not to tell the truth." What is this? Labori fires a question: "Did you know secret documents were handed to the Dreyfus court-martial?"

But the court acts quickly. "You cannot ask that question." Away, M. Casimir-Perier, you nearly ruined things that time.

General Mercier, former Minister of War. Labori questions him also concerning the secret documents; the

presiding judge is dozing, but the General acts for him. "I refuse to answer that question," he says calmly.

The same story, day after day. Even when Picquart takes the stand he fails at first to help the Dreyfusards. It is a crisis for him; he loves his uniform and he knows that it will be taken from him if he deserts the army this day. He proceeds cautiously, a man torn between two loves, his career and justice. The Dreyfusards are dismayed; they have counted on him so much. But the career appears to have won.

Then Henry, disregarding in his hatred of Picquart the army's determination to avoid the Dreyfus Affair, jumps to his feet while Picquart is talking of Esterhazy and cries in a furious voice, "Colonel Picquart lies!"

Ah, there will be another duel over this! Picquart rises as if to strike Henry's wrathful, red face, but the blow does not fall. There will not be a duel; Henry's three words have brought better results than that. Picquart is ready to speak out; he turns to the jury.

"Ah, if you but knew, gentlemen of the jury, why all this is done. It is because of the fabrications in the Dreyfus Affair, which is bound up with the Esterhazy affair . . . I have been heaped with calumny and insult . . . you can never know the intrigues, the plots to disgrace me. . . ." He pauses; realization of what he has done sweeps over him; tomorrow he will be cashiered; his dream castles shower down on him.

But it is too late to turn back; he faces the jury again

and pours out his story. He tells of the *petit bleu,* he tells how his superiors balked him at every turn—"I was sent out to die"— The court is in a tumult, the presiding judge is helpless. Hearts of the Dreyfusards pound with hope.

Henry is beside himself. "Let us give them light," he shouts. "Bring forth the secret *dossier!*"

There is bedlam. At last the secret documents are to be revealed! Labori is triumphant. The Dreyfusards rush forward to greet Picquart, pale but determined. The anti-Dreyfusards try to reach Zola and he would be ground beneath many feet but for his friends who form a guard around him. It is impossible to continue the trial and adjournment is taken.

All night the mobs of anti-Dreyfusards storm through the streets. In the Boulevard Sebastopol shots are fired and the rioters smash the windows of a small store and tear down a sign over the door.

The sign reads, "Levy and Dreyfus."

The police fight for hours to save the two frightened merchants whose names are on that sign.

III

When the trial is resumed General Pellieux, of the General Staff, tries to calm the troubled waters. He makes a speech to the jury, a speech that warns them of dire consequences if they desert the army in this crisis. "I

cannot stand them (the Dreyfusards) trying to detach the army from its chiefs," he says. "If the soldiers cease to have confidence in their chiefs what will the chiefs do on the day of danger? . . . Then, gentlemen of the jury, your sons will be led to simple butchery."

It is an oration, nothing else, but when Labori attempts to reply the court says quickly, "You are making a speech; you cannot do that!"

Labori insists. "We do not fear war with such soldiers as we have, but if they are led by certain officers . . ."

"Silence!" bellows the judge.

General Pellieux chimes in, "I ask to be allowed to speak." Well, speak then; no one is stopping the army from speaking. He speaks. With a magnificent gesture he gives a few extracts from the Panizzardi note (the forgery of Henry!) to prove that Dreyfus is guilty.

"Let the document be shown, then," cries Labori. "Let it be shown to us and if Dreyfus is guilty we will admit the fact."

Pellieux realizes he has gone too far. Like Henry he has become too eager. He falters, "I say like Henry, 'let there be light,' but . . ." He is afraid to go on and he suggests that Generals Gonse or Boisdeffre tell more, if more is to be told, of the Panizzardi note.

General Gonse also is hesitant. "I approve of the words of General Pellieux," he says, "but I do not think that the document can be brought here."

General Boisdeffre, now compelled to take the stand,

admits there is such a document, implicating Dreyfus; it was obtained because of the *vigilance of the Army Secret Service!* Henry sits up importantly. Perhaps he feels by now that it *is* vigilance.

Labori demands the document. Ah, General Boisdeffre is sorry, but it must remain secret. The safety of the state demands it. That is true, for the German Ambassador has served notice again that he knows the note is a forgery and he warns France of serious consequences if the army makes this forgery public.

The General cannot tell that, of course, and when Labori continues to insist that the document be produced, Boisdeffre becomes haughty. "I shall not add a word to what I have said." The Dreyfusards are beaten again.

* * *

Esterhazy finally appears. He swaggers to the witness stand, turns his back on Labori and addresses the jury: "This miserable Mathieu Dreyfus has accused me of being guilty of his brother's crime. I have been adjudged by my peers who have acquitted me. I will answer any questions you put to me, gentlemen of the jury, but as for those people"—he points dramatically at Zola and Labori—"I won't reply to them."

And he doesn't. When Labori questions him he turns his back again. Clemenceau tries to goad him to speech. "Did you have anything to do with Schwarzkoppen?" he demands suddenly. Esterhazy is startled, but the pre-

siding judge comes to his rescue. "You must not ask that question," the court warns Clemenceau; and when the latter protests, the court adds sternly, "Above everything I place the honor and security of the country."

Dreyfus may be innocent; Zola may be innocent, but the country—the army—must come first.

* * *

The trial draws to a close. The prosecutor speaks briefly, confining himself to the issue: Was an order given to acquit Esterhazy? There are no proofs, he says, and he is correct. The trial has wandered far afield in the desperate effort to get at the truth about Dreyfus.

In his own defense Zola reads a declaration to the jury, denying that he has dishonored the army or France. "Those who dishonor France," he reads, "are those who mingle cries of '*Vive l'Armée*' with '*A bas les Juifs*' ("Down with the Jews") and '*Vive Esterhazy*.' I am not defending my liberty—condemn me, then, if you wish—it will be the seed which will germinate and prevent France from falling into indifference."

It is of Dreyfus, not Zola, that he speaks in conclusion: "Dreyfus is innocent; I swear it. Before all the world I swear it. He is innocent! He is innocent! He is innocent!"

Labori, strong, eloquent, speaks for three days! He tells of Dreyfus on his island of rock. He reads from the pitiful letters. "Do not strike Emile Zola," he cries.

"Gentlemen, you know well that he stands for the honor of France. It is by the heart, by moral energy, that great battles are won, and I also cry '*Vive l'Armée*' when I ask you to acquit Zola. I cry at the same time: 'Long live the Republic, long live the right, long live eternal justice and truth!' "

And Clemenceau: "Gentlemen, render the country the service of stopping a religious war at its commencement. You have seen what happened in Algiers. Say, in the name of the French people, that justice must be done even to the Jews. . . . We appear before you, gentlemen; you are appearing before history."

The gentlemen retire; shortly they return and they do make history. They say:

"Guilty—seven to five!"

IV

Labori, Georges Clemenceau and Zola were riding back to Paris from Versailles where, before the Court of Assizes, they had refused to submit to a second trial. The judgment of the first had been quashed by the Court of Appeal on the ground that the court-martial, which claimed it had been libelled, should have brought the charge instead of the Minister of War. They had refused to go on with the second trial because they sensed important developments were near; their refusal had resulted in another verdict of guilty by default and a

sentence of one year in prison and a fine of 3,000 francs.

"You must go to England," said Clemenceau to Zola. "We must not permit the judgment to become operative. We will obtain new proofs shortly; then you may return. It is for the best."

Labori agreed, but Zola was indignant. Leave France to avoid prison? Why, that was the very thing he had wanted, the very thing all of them had wanted. A sensation. They must keep the public's interest at fever heat. Zola flee? Perish the thought!

Labori and Clemenceau argued gently. In hiding, in another country, they pointed out, he would continue to be a menace to the anti-Dreyfusards; at any moment he might come back and lash out at them again, whereas in prison he would be a martyr, yes, to some, but of no value to the cause. And he must think of Dreyfus.

That was the thing that won him over. "I can hear him on his rock imploring me to make this supreme sacrifice," he told his friends. "I shall go."

He fled, as a thief flees through the night, to England, there to remain until the call came again. His heart ached at leaving, but it fluttered with expectation. too, for here was a new adventure.

A new adventure at sixty!

IV

JUDGMENT DAY

JUNE brought political changes. There was a new Cabinet, in which M. Cavaignac, cousin of du Paty de Clam, was Minister of War. Cavaignac decided the Dreyfus Affair should be settled for all time and he decided that M. Cavaignac was the man to settle it. His opportunity came when he replied to an interpellation in the Chamber of Deputies, where the Dreyfusards continued, day after day, to demand justice for the prisoner on Devil's Island.

"There is absolutely no doubt that Dreyfus is guilty," the Minister told the Deputies. "He has confessed and there are new documents on file proving his guilt."

There was no confession; Cavaignac referred to the so-called confession which Captain Lebrun-Renault, by twisting words, had relayed to his superiors. There was not even a written record of these words, but Cavaignac gave the impression in his speech that Dreyfus had admitted everything. Whether the Minister actually knew at the time he spoke that the War Office had admitted Lebrun-Renault misunderstood Dreyfus's words, to put it mildly, is a point Cavaignac alone knew. If he did not

know the so-called confession was worthless then surely he was a most inefficient Minister. If he did know then he was deliberately lying to the Deputies "to save the army."

Cavaignac concluded his speech by saying that the Panizzardi document, the forgery of Henry, was final and absolute proof of Dreyfus's guilt. The Deputies greeted this information with enthusiasm; they accepted the Minister's word that the document could not be made public and they were so charmed with his speech that they voted to have it posted in every Commune in France.

Cavaignac was elated. His next step was to order Esterhazy brought before a Court of Military Inquiry to stand trial for "serious indiscretions." This was the gentle term applied to Esterhazy's letters to his one-time mistress in which he expressed the hope he would live to see Paris being pillaged by drunken soldiers.

The trial was brief. It was over before Esterhazy realized what had occurred. The court voted he should be cashiered for "habitual misconduct" and cashiered he was, at the order of Cavaignac. A hero one day, disgraced the next, Esterhazy realized he had gone too far. Although not branded as a traitor he knew it was dangerous for him to tarry in France and he fled, as had Zola, to England.

Once there his courage returned and he who had sold his country's secrets for German marks now sold his own

secrets for English pounds. Without a trace of shame he sold his story to the English newspapers and in that story he admitted he was the author of the *bordereau!*

His flight and confession, however, did not come until after other exciting events that stirred new hope among the Dreyfusards. Du Paty de Clam was removed from the active list of the army and the Dreyfusards rejoiced, only to be dealt a blow when Cavaignac ordered the arrest of Picquart after the latter offered to prove the Panizzardi document was a forgery.

Cavaignac was so enthusiastic by now that he overreached himself. The German and Italian Governments dropped all diplomacy and demanded that the French Government expose the Panizzardi document as a forgery or Germany and Italy would do it and do it in no mild manner. They told the French authorities that Henry was the forger and that a government detective, Lemercier-Picard, had assisted him.

Lemercier-Picard, as it developed later, was one of the most active of plotters, although his part in the Dreyfus Affair was brief. He was Henry's right-hand man in the business of forgery; he helped with the Panizzardi document, was praised by Henry and was so pleased with himself that he went at once to Colonel von Schwarzkoppen and, for a price, told what he and Henry had done!

Therefore, when Germany served its ultimatum on the French Government it knew whereof it spoke.

This detective, this employe of the government, now decided that he had missed his true calling and he devoted himself to the art of forgery. Being a henchman of Henry's it was natural that he should plot against Henry's enemies, the Dreyfusards. Therefore he forged a note to one of Esterhazy's mistresses and signed it Otto. The note urged the woman to submit the government secrets she had promised and was intended to indicate that Esterhazy and his mistress were deeply involved in traitorous dealings with Germany.

Highly pleased with himself, Lemercier-Picard took the note to Joseph Reinach, who was devoting all his time now to the fight for Dreyfus.

"It is absolute proof Esterhazy is a traitor," said the detective. He was sure Reinach would buy the forgery and then, ah, how Lemercier-Picard would distinguish himself! He would wait until Reinach had broadcast the note, then he would brand it as a forgery. How the Dreyfusards would howl then; how the anti-Dreyfusards would hail him!

But Lemercier-Picard underestimated the brilliant Deputy with whom he was dealing. Reinach examined the note carefully; he gazed steadily at the detective, who flushed and shifted from one foot to another.

"You are a rat," said Reinach. "This is a forgery and you forged it." Then he kicked Lemercier-Picard down stairs.

Another man would have accepted this as a warning

at least, but not Lemercier-Picard. His bones ached, but his ego was undamaged. He concocted a new scheme. He had the forgery photographed and in a corner of the photograph he wrote, in what he thought was an imitation of Reinach's writing, the word, "*copie.*"

This "copie" he took to M. Rochefort, editor of the *Intransigeant,* a journalist who had no fear of libel if that libel were directed against the friends of Dreyfus.

"M. Reinach has paid me 10,000 francs to forge this note so that Esterhazy may be involved," said Lemercier-Picard.

Rochefort was entranced; how he would make that Reinach tremble now! He paid the detective well and he published the forged note in his newspaper. "Without a doubt," he wrote in a bitter article directed against the Dreyfusards, "the word *copie* is in Reinach's handwriting."

Reinach acted immediately. He caused Rochefort to be arrested on a charge of criminal libel and he proved the note to be a forgery and he proved Lemercier-Picard was the forger. Rochefort went to prison, no new experience for him.

A few days later judgment day came to Lemercier-Picard, too. He was found strangled to death in his apartment. Suicide? Lemercier-Picard found life too fascinating for that. Murder? He might have lived for many more years had he not been so fickle, had he not wandered far afield in saving the honor of the army.

II

In August Henry was summoned to the office of the War Minister. His heart must have pounded while he waited for M. Cavaignac, for he knew of Lemercier-Picard's fate and he knew, as the rest of the world did not know then, how close the detective had been to him.

Cavaignac had learned that the Panizzardi document, Henry's prize forgery, was a manufactured piece of evidence. An army Captain, Cuignet, member of the General Staff, while sorting the papers in the *dossier,* happened to hold the Panizzardi note up to the light. To his amazement he saw that it consisted of *two* pieces of paper and each piece was of a different material!

This alone was proof the document was a forgery, for it meant two notes had been pasted together in such a way that their combined meaning incriminated Dreyfus. Then Cuignet examined the document under a strong light and saw indications of "doctoring" through all of it. He went at once to Cavaignac, who was beginning to waver because of the protests of Germany and Italy. There was only one thing for the Minister to do; he had to expose Henry to save himself, for he had offered the forgery to the Deputies as proof of Dreyfus's guilt.

For hours Cavaignac questioned Henry. At first Henry denied the charges; the note had come through the usual channels, he insisted.

"Come, come," urged the Minister, "you can see for

yourself the cross rulings on the document are not the same."

Henry stubbornly denied his guilt.

"A strong light has been used to examine this document," continued the War Minister. "There is no doubt —it has been doctored."

Henry faltered. "I may have changed it slightly, but I swear it is not a forgery." Then he admitted he had taken several words from another document and had inserted them in the forged note. "But Dreyfus's name was there," he insisted, "I did not insert that."

"Come, come," Cavaignac's tone was almost chiding. "It is plain this is a forgery."

"I swear it is not! I swear it!" cried Henry.

"There is no record of the person who brought this note to the Intelligence Department," Cavaignac pointed out. This was an important point, for it was a rule that each bit of evidence brought in by spies must have a complete record of how and by whom it was discovered. Henry had no answer for that; he protested lamely that it had come "in the usual way" and beyond that he had no defense.

For hours Cavaignac questioned him; it was a mild third degree, but it was an effective one. After revealing in the first few questions what he knew the War Minister made no attempt to produce evidence of Henry's guilt; instead, he listened patiently to the forger's excuses only to repeat, over and over again, "Come, come, this is a

forgery and you know it. We all know it. Now tell us how it was done."

Gradually the strain began to tell. Henry admitted elaborate doctoring of the document and each admission seemed to relieve him. He confessed that he had inserted Dreyfus's name "for the good of the army."

"Ah, yes," Cavaignac coaxed. "You did that, but you did it by forgery. Come, come, now, tell us all."

"It is not a forgery, I tell you!" screamed Henry.

"Come, come; it is a forgery. You know you forged it."

"I did not! I did not! You cannot prove it!"

"Come, come. . . ."

Henry gave up then. He confessed he was a forger; he confessed he and Lemercier-Picard had made the Panizzardi note from whole cloth. "I did it for the army," he cried. "I did it for the honor of the army!"

He who had led Dreyfus away to prison now was led away himself to a cell in Mont Valérien and soon the news of his confession was sweeping through Paris, bringing dismay to the army chieftains and high hopes to the Dreyfusards.

Henry went to prison with a last defiant gesture. "My conscience reproaches me with nothing," he said. "What I did I would do again. It was for the good of the country and the army."

The anti-Dreyfusards press took up this cry, seeking to excuse Henry, forger though he was, because he had

committed a crime for his country. "A martyr to decency, to the public's welfare," they chorused.

But the martyr to decency was not content to accept such an honor alone. He hinted darkly that he was not the only person involved in this and other forgeries, and thereby he sealed his fate.

The day after he was taken to the prison an officer, who has never been identified, called to see him. After he had departed a guard went to Henry's cell. The forger lay on the floor, his throat cut from ear to ear. A razor was on the floor near him.

"Suicide," said the army. "Murder," said the Dreyfusards. "Murder," said the anti-Dreyfusards. Officially, nothing was said, for there was no autopsy. But it was pointed out, and never denied, that it would have been physically impossible for Henry to have slashed both sides of his throat. And it was pointed out that in a military prison any instrument that might be used for suicide is usually removed from a prisoner's cell.

Some accepted the suicide theory; the majority, recalling Lemercier-Picard's fate, did not. And the cry of the anti-Dreyfusards that Dreyfus's friends had murdered Henry was ridiculous. Murder the one man who had confessed forging at least one piece of evidence against the prisoner on Devil's Island? That man was worth more alive than all the anti-Dreyfusards dead.

Murder or suicide, Henry died "for the good of the army" as Lemercier-Picard died. The wonder was that

Dreyfus had not gone to his grave long ago for the same reason.

But the anti-Dreyfusards would not give up. They took collections for a memorial to Henry, the forger; their press printed columns of praise for this great martyr, and relieved Generals, bedecked with medals, called on Henry's widow to pay their last respects to the man who had been removed so conveniently.

Henry's death, however, ended Cavaignac's career, for the Dreyfusards were growing stronger each day. He saw the writing on the wall and resigned. General Boisdeffre also stepped down as Chief of the General Staff and was followed by lesser lights of the army. General Zurlinden, Military Governor of Paris, became Minister of War, spent a week studying the evidence in the Dreyfus case and resigned. Although during his brief régime he attempted to have Picquart tried as the forger of the *petit bleu,* thus taking a stand against the Dreyfusards, what he saw in the many secret *dossiers,* or, rather, what he failed to see, apparently removed all desire to head the War Office; he returned to his post as Military Governor.

General Chanoine succeeded him and immediately came into conflict with the Minister of Justice, M. Sarrien, who, with the help of the imprisoned Picquart, was seriously considering steps to revise the Dreyfus court-martial. Sarrien held that the law provided reopening of a case in view of new evidence tending to show the condemned person innocent.

"Surely," he said, "the confession of Henry throws doubt on the evidence brought before the first court-martial."

General Chanoine said he would oppose every step to reopen the case and he was joined in this stand by M. Tillaye, Minister of Public Works. In the end, the government applied to the Court of Appeals (The Court of Cassation) for a decision on the question of revision. General Chanoine, true to his word, protested before the Chamber of Deputies, and the Cabinet was forced to resign. In the new cabinet M. de Freycinet was Minister of War; he, too, was an anti-Dreyfusard and he showed it at once by demanding that Picquart stand trial for communicating War Office documents to his lawyer, Leblois.

Picquart protested when he learned he was to be tried by the military authorities and not in civil court.

Knowing that he would be transferred to the military prison, Picquart boldly shouted at his hearing, "I would have people know, if there be found in my cell the rope of Lemercier-Picard, or the razor of Henry, that I have been assassinated. For a man like myself cannot for one instant think of suicide."

The Dreyfusards cheered; the anti-Dreyfusards roared, "Down with the forgers!" and Picquart was led away. But he did not join Lemercier-Picard and Henry "for the good of the army." If there were plotters who had arranged a "suicide" for him, also, they were balked by his fearless words.

But do not think that Picquart's life had not been endangered. Following his return from Tunis, while he was in prison, but before he had been given into the hands of the military authorities, death—a horrible death—had nearly claimed him.

During those days he had been suspicious, as what man would not have been, after Tunis, and he had carefully examined his food at each meal. It was during one of these examinations that he discovered a foreign substance in an omelette brought to him for breakfast. It was an unusually appetizing omelette, but Picquart was not deceived.

He carefully inspected the foreign substance and then he calmly ordered his guard to remove the omelette. He would not eat that day, he said.

The omelette was filled with ground glass!

After his defiance in court, however, no attempt was made against his life, and he went before the military authorities finally, was tried and found guilty of showing to his lawyer the letters he had received from General Gonse. The penalty was his dismissal from the army.

Henry and Lemercier-Picard dead; Zola and Esterhazy exiles in England; Picquart and du Paty de Clam cashiered; cabinets falling, Generals resigning.

But the fight went on to bring justice to a man imprisoned on a rock thousands of miles away. Lucie, Mathieu, Reinach, Clemenceau knew no rest. Scheurer-Kestner, the grand old man of the Senate, tossed on his sick bed,

dying, it was said, praying for Dreyfus. There were scores of duels each day. The whole world was aflame.

III

The first test came in October when M. Bard, member of the Criminal Court of Cassation, reported on the demand for revision. He stressed the point that the principal evidence against Dreyfus in 1894 was the *bordereau*. "The word of Henry, a confessed forger, was the only guarantee of its origin," he said. "Therefore, there is nothing left of the first trial."

He believed it was too much to ask that the court simply annul the judgment without ordering a fresh trial, but he added:

"Whatever might be the opinion of the court on the judgment of 1894, it would not forget that the military authorities have opposed revision. It was the function of the Court of Appeals to bring truth to light. It was a delicate task, but it would be derogatory to the court to suspect it of shirking its duty. Already there have been too many derelictions of duty in this long series of incidents. Free from all considerations or suggestions which had inspired others, and solely anxious for justice, the court has a great duty before it, and it will follow the dictates of its conscience."

On October 29, the court held that there was ground for making a supplementary inquiry, and revision pro-

ceedings began before the United Chambers of the Court of Cassation.

But once more turmoil intervened. In February, 1899, Felix Faure, President of the Republic, died suddenly and political warfare that threatened for a time to drench France with blood once more seized the country. M. Déroulède, founder of the League of Patriots, incited troops marching in the funeral procession and urged them to storm Élysée Palace, but the few who listened to him were kept in line by discipline.

The Dreyfusards' hopes now hinged on the man chosen to succeed Faure. Faure had been opposed to revision; in fact, it was rumored that evidence from a foreign power proving Dreyfus's innocence had been shown to Faure the night before he died and the shock killed him.

Great was the joy of the Dreyfusards when M. Loubet, who favored revision, became President, and their hopes were high on the day the judges of the United Chambers of the Court of Cassation met to decide the fate of Dreyfus. The first words spoken by M. Ballot-Beaupré, President of the Civil Section of the Court, showed they had not hoped in vain.

"I, for my part," said Ballot-Beaupré, "have come to the conviction that the *bordereau* was not written by Dreyfus, but by Esterhazy."

Then he revealed evidence which not even the Dreyfusards had uncovered. The authorities, he said, had two letters written by Esterhazy, in 1892 and 1894, and these

letters were upon the same kind of paper as that upon which the *bordereau* was written.

"The prisoner," said Ballot-Beaupré, "should be brought before a new court-martial, for this court should not be asked to proclaim his innocence."

M. Manau, the Procureur-Général, agreed, saying it had been established that Dreyfus did not write the *bordereau* and that all evidence indicated Esterhazy was the real author. He had fine scorn for the famous secret *dossier*: "These secrets were secret only from Dreyfus and they cannot be brought up against him. Furthermore, it has been shown two are forgeries and one does not apply to him."

Manau likewise ridiculed the so-called confession. "I have the right to say it never existed and I should like to know whether the incomprehensible evidence of M. Bertillon was not the first cause of Dreyfus's condemnation."

He read from letters written by Dreyfus, letters that pleaded for the restoration of his honor. "Dreyfus is declared to be a wretch, loving neither his wife nor his children. How, then, could he write such letters? The country, the world and history are awaiting the court's decision."

The decision was given on June 3. It ordered Dreyfus returned from Devil's Island as an accused person to appear before another court-martial at Rennes.

V

AFTER FIVE YEARS

AN unkempt creature lay on a cot and panted for air; a skeleton of a man, with glistening, bony brow, hair that was almost white and a straggling red beard that was sticky. A limp, white hand sagged to the floor. Two glazed, tortured eyes stared straight upwards. Only the jerky rising and falling of a chest, glistening with sweat, indicated the creature was alive.

The temperature was over 100 degrees. A light breeze was blowing in from the sea; it jumped over a nine-foot palisade, topped by stone and iron spikes, and patted against a tiny hut that stood unprotected under the blazing sun. But it could not enter; there were two windows, to be sure, but inside the hut were triangular shutters that tossed the breeze back through iron bars and defied even the light except when it was strong and persistent.

There were several inches of water on the floor of the hut; insects were born in it and skidded over its surface. Other insects dived into it and died. It was muddy and thick and it smelled.

The room was small and it was divided in half by iron

bars and a wire netting. On the far side from the man on the cot another man was walking slowly. His clothes stuck to his back. He was thinking of Paris and a café and a foaming *boch* on the table beside him; his thoughts were thousands of miles away, but his eyes were fastened, more in habit than anything else, on the limp form on the cot.

An outside door opened; all thoughts of Paris vanished as the chief warder entered, stopping in the doorway to mop his brow. "Hot," he said. "Hot as the devil's furnace."

The guard sighed in agreement. Did the chief warder think he didn't know it was hot? It was too hot even to reply and, besides, one didn't do much talking in this place. That was habit, too.

"Dreyfus!" called the chief warder. The guard started; did the man *have* to bellow like that? The figure on the cot moved, sat up mechanically.

"Dreyfus, I have been ordered to give this note to you." The chief warder's tone said plainly that he wanted it understood orders alone brought him to this sty. The guard unbolted the door and a small piece of paper was handed to the man on the other side as he stood swaying in the scummy water. It was not a letter from home, this note; probably just new orders forbidding one more thing. He glanced at it casually, unmoved, and even when the first sentence penetrated to his feverish brain he stood there without a trace of expression on his face.

The chief warder, watching him intently, muttered to himself, "Cold, cold!" and the guard jumped again. Was the man crazy? Cold!

"Cold," repeated the chief warder. "Gets news like this—and look at him."

But Dreyfus was trembling as realization of what he held in his hands swept over him. He read it again and again: "The court quashes and annuls the sentence pronounced on December 22, 1894, against Alfred Dreyfus by the first court-martial and orders that the accused shall be tried before a court-martial at Rennes. . . ."

"Ha," exclaimed the chief warder, "his hands shake. Well, it is about time. . . ."

There was more: . . . "Captain Dreyfus ceases to be subjected to the convict regimen; he becomes a simple prisoner under arrest and is restored to his rank and allowed again to wear his uniform."

His uniform! That torn, buttonless, braidless shrunken uniform left in a prison cell in France! His uniform!

And France! There was something in here about France, too. "The cruiser *Sfax* leaves Port-de-France today, with orders to take the prisoner from the Île du Diable and bring him back to France."

Dear God!

"Well?" the chief warder demanded impatiently. He couldn't understand. Didn't this traitor have any emotions? "Have you nothing to say?"

"I shall say nothing," Dreyfus replied, "until I am

confronted by my accusers in France." He turned and went back to his cot.

"*Mon Dieu,*" breathed the chief warder, "he is crazy, that one."

II

Dreyfus wondered himself during the long night if he was insane. Had this really happened or had he imagined it? He got up to read the note again by the guard lamp, to feel it and to look at it from all angles. It had not come from a clear sky, for Lucie's vague letters had intimated the great events taking place in France and many months before he had received a copy of the prosecutor's speech before the Court of Cassation.

How bewildered he had been then. All through the speech there were references to events of which he knew nothing. Henry's suicide; Henry's forgeries; Picquart in prison. A new name, Esterhazy. Zola in flight. What had these men to do with him? Why were men dying, fleeing, going to prison? Only one thing stood out clearly, the name of Esterhazy. This was the real traitor, then; this was the man who had stood silently by while another was exiled to a tomb. A Major, too; a Major in the army Dreyfus loved. Ah, he had believed for many years the world was mad and now he knew it.

Since August, 1898, Dreyfus had been confined to a new hut. He had been moved because the doctor ordered it, but the prison authorities, instructed to build a new

hut, had done that and then proceeded to make it more impossible than the other. They had built a palisade so high it cut off the view of the sea even when Dreyfus left his prison. They had made no arrangements to drain off the water that seeped in during the rainy months and, certain that he could not possibly have physical comforts, they had invented new mental tortures for him.

They would not let him sleep in peace. Even Deniel, the new prison governor, came over to the island at night and tiptoed into the hut and bent over Dreyfus to hear the words that he muttered during his nightmares. Always a guard was near by, looking down at him, eager to catch some phrase that could be twisted into a confession of guilt or an indication of a plot to escape.

Escape, from that place! Even the mosquitoes had a difficult time getting out, once they were in.

When Dreyfus dreamed of Lucie and Pierre and Jeanne, which was often, the tears fell down his wasted, bearded face and Deniel, hopeful of rising to new honors, over a corpse, if necessary, gloatingly reported to his superiors that the prisoner was beginning to break down (after five years!) and soon would tell all.

It was a sad day for Deniel when word came that the fight for revision had at last reached the Court of Cassation. He saw his prey slipping from him and such was his chagrin that when Dreyfus made out his usual monthly list for provisions and other necessities, Deniel "lost" it. For one long month Dreyfus existed on scraps.

With the agitation in France in favor of Dreyfus there was great excitement on Devil's Island. Every one, from the governor down, was positive the terrible Jewish Syndicate would storm the rocky prison some day and carry the traitor away. There were wild and absurd rumors that an American ship was cruising off the island, awaiting an opportunity to rescue the prisoner; England, too, the authorities said knowingly, was planning a similar raid. It was the old, old cry of betrayal.

The first move to meet this imagined peril was the addition of three more warders, making thirteen men who guarded Dreyfus day and night. Thirteen men and not one of them permitted to speak to him. Sentinels also were stationed outside the hut; a tower was built atop the warders' comfortable barracks, a few yards from the dismal hut, and in this tower was placed a small cannon.

All this to save one man for whose death officialdom prayed.

* * *

"Cold, cold," the chief warder had said; he had expected his prisoner to burst into tears, to do a jig, something, anything, at the receipt of such good news. But whatever emotion was left in the aloof Dreyfus when he came to Devil's Island had shriveled within him during the five, bitter, torturing years. He could feel things and there was always a dull ache in his heart, but five years of silence had built a wall around him, a mental palisade, through

which no emotion could escape. For months there had not been even the relief of weeping by which some of his bitterness could be wrung from his body.

So he lay on his cot, outwardly unmoved by the message from Paris that gave life to him who had seen only death ahead. But inside his starved, fever-racked body his heart was pounding, his brain was aquiver with hope and his pulse was racing with the joyful knowledge that within a few weeks Lucie would be in his arms and he would be a free man, honored by a nation that had wronged him and admitted it.

It is quite possible that he even pictured himself being hailed as a hero when he set foot on French soil once more. Knowing nothing of the bitterness that had marked the long fight for revision of his case, he believed there would be only brief formalities at Rennes; he believed his country, realizing its terrible mistake, would make a handsome apology and send him back to his family.

Poor Dreyfus! Poor innocent, trusting Dreyfus! What did he, who never courted companionship outside his own home, know of the ways of the world? He knew the world had been mad, yes, in so far as he was concerned, but at the first indication of a return to sanity he was ready to forgive and forget, to start all over with supreme confidence that it never could happen again.

This confidence was reflected in a note he wrote to Lucie, the last from Devil's Island: "My heart and soul are with you, with my children, with all of you. I leave

Friday. I await with immense joy the moment of supreme happiness to hold you in my arms. A thousand kisses."

* * *

Night came, bringing with it a squad of gendarmes from Cayenne on the mainland. This was in accordance with the orders from Paris; from now on Dreyfus was an officer under arrest, not a condemned prisoner.

Once more he saw the uniforms he loved and he hoped there was one for him, too, but there was none. That would have to wait until he reached Rennes. But the Mayor of Cayenne sent a suit of clothes, a hat and some linen and Dreyfus threw away the rags he had worn for years.

The warders, those grim, silent men who had been the prisoner's worst torture, marched away. Dreyfus saw them go without regret and they went without regret. They had suffered, too. Life was bad enough on these desolate islands, but it had been hell in the hut of stone. It seems unbelievable they could have shared, in a way, the hardships of their prisoner, without being moved by pity for him. These were the men who sent word back to France that Dreyfus was a man of stone, loving neither his wife nor his children. They watched him clutch the photographs of Lucie, Pierre and Jeanne and shake with sobs; they heard him cry out in the night for Lucie and that is what they wrote.

III

Word from Paris reached Devil's Island on a Monday. Thursday evening Dreyfus, walking inside the palisade, saw the smoke of a ship far out at sea. The cruiser *Sfax* had come for him.

But he had to wait until morning. At dawn he donned his new clothes, smoothed out his red beard. Habit led him to clean up his hut. Then he sat down to wait; he had risen early and it was only seven o'clock when they came for him, but it seemed an eternity.

The tiny prison boat was waiting at the landing. Far out on the heaving ocean the *Sfax* rode at anchor; her crew did not know where they were; only the officers were aware of the man who was to come aboard.

The prison boat, a steam launch, headed out to sea. No one spoke; no one paid the slightest attention to the white-faced man who took off his cork helmet and bared his head to the refreshing sea breeze which had been denied him for so many months. His eyes were fixed on the warship; not once did he turn to gaze back at the heap of rocks that was his prison no longer.

The launch rolled and tossed, for the sea was running high. Dreyfus was sick and so were the others in the boat. Dreyfus was very sick; he hid his face in his hands and at times he seemed about to collapse. He pulled himself together as the launch neared the *Sfax*, but an officer hailed them, telling them to stand by. They stood by for two

hours while the launch bobbed like a cork and those aboard her turned green with the wretchedness only a violent sea can cause.

The crew of the *Sfax* watched the miseries of these poor landsmen with contempt, mingled with curiosity. Who was this strange, poorly dressed man with the gray hair and red beard and why was there all this stir about taking him aboard? A prisoner of some sort, apparently, for there were gendarmes, with revolvers in their belts.

Ten o'clock. A boat was lowered from the *Sfax* and pulled alongside the launch. Dreyfus, barely able to stand, got into it, followed by two gendarmes. Ten minutes more and he was ascending the ladder. He reached the deck, staggered and seemed about to fall, but quickly recovered himself. The second officer hurried forward. Dreyfus brought a trembling hand up in a military salute.

An excited murmur ran along the deck. "It's Dreyfus! Captain Dreyfus!"

He was marched immediately to a cabin which had been arranged especially for him. The porthole was barred, but there were no bars over the window of the door. Instead an armed sentry stood there night and day. The cabin was furnished with a wardrobe, a table, washstand and bed. It was a prison cell, but to the man who sagged wearily across the bed it was the height of luxury.

Three hours a day, he was informed, he would be permitted to exercise on deck; his food would be served from the officers' mess. There was but one order that did not

alter the existence he had endured on Devil's Island: All the officers and sailors were forbidden to speak to him.

Night again. With darkness came peace to the sea, the *Sfax* weighed anchor and her engines throbbed, sending the cruiser through the tropical waters at the then excellent speed of nine knots an hour.

Far astern the lights on Devil's Island blinked a farewell. Soon they would be extinguished, not to be lighted again until another doomed man should come to that rocky shore and its tomb of stone.

A mist swept by, engulfing the *Sfax* and obliterating the lights ashore. Devil's Island was gone.

VI

THE EXILE'S RETURN

JUNE in Rennes; quaint, somber Rennes in Brittany. Here city and country meet and melt into each other. There are cobblestones, public buildings, a railway station. There are canal-like rivers, beaten tow-paths, the smell of hay and blossoms. At four o'clock in the morning the sun is ablaze and it is fearfully hot, but the people of Rennes do not seem to mind. In the rivers the barges are already moving, drawn by men who strain against the straps. The men are strong, brown creatures, methodical, solemn; they are satisfied to go on for the rest of their lives pulling barges, mowing their hay, saying their prayers. To them there is no world outside Brittany.

The women are the same, strong and brown, unaffected by the heat. They reveal sturdy ankles as they kneel at the riverside busy at their washing. Their sleeves are rolled above their elbows and they pound vigorously with smooth, white paddles until clothes seem sterilized in their cleanliness. They are happier than the men, or less reluctant to show happiness, for they sing and gossip as they work and steal shy glances at the strange foreigners who have come to Rennes.

The old Breton city has become cosmopolitan over night. Every inn is filled and many houses, too. Staid Breton housekeepers, detesting these invaders, have, nevertheless, opened their doors to them before the magic display of francs in numbers exceeding their most lavish dreams. Such people. Such noisy, bustling people. Ah, such generous people!

The groups collected in the streets and in the cafés are mostly correspondents. They come from all parts of the world. The serious little fellow with the eye-glasses is a Japanese; he is a long way from home and is an alien, but he listens intently to a bearded Spanish giant and pretends he understands every word. The Russian correspondents are arguing with the Parisian correspondents. They are talking about Jews; they wave their arms and sputter in each other's faces and tear their hair. There is so much hair to tear it seems the natural thing to do. Long beards, reaching down to waists, pointed beards, wild, blunt beards, neat, close beards, flaring moustaches, defiant moustaches, walrus moustaches, dapper, military moustaches. Beards and moustaches from all countries, America, England, Germany, Holland, Italy, Switzerland, Australia. Even the Japanese has a little tuft under his lower lip.

The Americans cling together. Everything is strange to them, even their English cousins. The Americans are the most active. They are interviewing the army men, the lawyers, the peasants. American cartoonists are busy, too,

sketching the bucolic scenes along the river, the railway station. Occasionally a photographer sets up an elaborate camera, a huge affair, wrestles with it for half an hour, then presses a small rubber bulb with an air of great satisfaction. It seems very foolish to the Bretons, but they are willing to pose; they like to look at the camera and, if they are paid to do just that, well . . .

There are scores of mysterious persons from Paris. They are quite positive they are being followed; they talk in whispers and make strange signs; they suggest their pockets are stuffed with secret papers, that they hold the destiny of all Europe in their hands. The American correspondents discuss them seriously at first, then dismiss them as fanatics. Some of the Parisian correspondents listen to their wild tales and dash to the telegraph office to write inventions of their own.

The cavalry is very much in evidence. Young officers in flaming uniforms race their mounts over the cobblestones and back again, bound for nowhere, but determined to do their bit to add to the general excitement. They are quite beside themselves, like puppies who have escaped from their kennels. The Generals pace ponderously up and down. They are stern-faced, fierce. Sometimes they are cheered; sometimes they are hissed, but neither reception is whole-hearted.

There are diplomatists, politicians, authors, artists, poets (who prefer talk to pen and paper), actors, government clerks, English lords, anarchists, Russian dukes,

a bullfighter from Spain, a Dutch diamond merchant, and Jews from a dozen countries. There are society women, a few women journalists (daring souls!), countesses, beautiful mistresses and plain wives.

Into peaceful Rennes they have flocked, bringing a babel of tongues, new customs, quarrels, higher prices—all that they may see one man, hear his voice, hiss him or cheer him. Confused though they may be, hating or admiring each other, one question is on the lips of all:

"When will Dreyfus arrive?"

II

One blazing day, shortly after noon, every one is seen to move towards the railway station. A correspondent from Paris who has spent his morning in romantic pursuits in a hayfield dashes into the crowd, bowling over every one in his path. "Is it Dreyfus?" he pants. "Is Dreyfus coming?"

No, it is not Dreyfus. It is Madame Dreyfus and the train is due at any moment. But the correspondent does not care about Madame Dreyfus; he has no professional curiosity about her, for his paper is against all things Dreyfus and later he will write a story of the hisses and boos that greeted the traitor's wife. Why should he waste time at the railway station? Away he goes, back to the hayfield and the little Breton peasant girl whose cheeks are so red under her white lace cap.

The crowd encircles the station and for once expectation stifles the usual clamor. The Director of Political Police arrives with his men and straightway causes all manner of disorder in his determination to maintain order. The people of Rennes humor him, even watch him with admiration while he makes chaos where there was calm. Ah, these authorities; these inefficient, dramatic authorities. Rennes is very proud of them.

A woman approaches, a plump, motherly type of woman with silver hair; she ignores the stares directed at her. This is Madame Godard, a very substantial citizen of Rennes who has opened her house to Lucie. Madame Godard is neither a Dreyfusard nor an anti-Dreyfusard. She does not know Lucie and she does not know Dreyfus. She does not know very much, in fact, about the famous affair, but her warm heart has been touched by Lucie's plight and she is ready to take her in without a thought of the consequences.

The anti-Dreyfusards call her a menace and predict a dire fate for her. To the Dreyfusards she is a saint.

The train pulls in. The Director of Police is in a frenzy as he orders the crowd to stand back, but they are standing back and pay no heed to his cries. Now that Lucie is here their excitement wanes; they see a stately figure in black, escorted by a tall gentleman in frock coat and high hat. Her veil is down and they do not see much of her face, but they see that she walks proudly, with head up, although there is a moment of panic when she glimpses

the sea of faces. The foreign correspondents are the most impressed. They have not lived the Dreyfus case for five years and their imaginations are stirred by the sight of Lucie. Here, then, is the woman who has never given up hope; who by her letters has kept life in a man many thousands of miles away. Many hearts beat faster that day at the thought of such a love and many in the vast throng wonder if they now have or ever will have such devotion.

Madame Godard steps forward and warmly greets Lucie. They walk away together and the crowd follows slowly. There is little demonstration. Here and there rise a few hisses; here and there, a cheer or two, but for the most part Dreyfusard and anti-Dreyfusard alike are content to stare.

This does not carry weight with the Rennes newspapers, however. "Hisses and boos greeted the traitor's wife," insists the anti-Dreyfusard organ, while the Dreyfus paper maintains, "Hats came off; few were found to hiss suffering womanhood."

Madame Godard and Lucie pass into the garden of the Godard home, the gate clicks shut and they are lost from sight. But the crowd remains for half an hour, eyes fixed on the garden gate. Then the correspondents break away, the inns and cafés fill up, groups collect on the street corners, the cavalry resumes its mad dash to nowhere and arguments wax warm over the wine bottles.

Turmoil again, with praise, accusations and doubts directed at Lucie who sits in Madame Godard's sheltered

garden, counting the hours that must pass before the arrival of him whom she has never doubted.

III

On June 30 Dreyfus, taking his usual exercise on deck, peered through a driving rain and saw the French coast. He did not know where he was and no one would tell him, but in his exultation at seeing his homeland again this did not strike him as unusual. Although he had been a prisoner aboard the *Sfax* for twenty days it had never occurred to him that, once in France, this ostracism would continue.

"I believed that men had acknowledged their error," he said, later, of that day. "I expected to find my dear ones, and behind them my comrades, who would await me with open arms and tears in their eyes."

The *Sfax* lay off the small fishing village of Aliquen, but Dreyfus did not know this until later. He was informed that a boat would put out soon to take him ashore and he busied himself packing his few belongings and making himself presentable. Only a few hours now and he would be in Lucie's arms. He was faint with excitement.

But the hours passed and still he was aboard the *Sfax*. A small boat did come out from the shore and orders were passed from it to the cruiser. The *Sfax* moved on again, down the coast, then back. Dreyfus wondered and with his wonder came the first fearful uncertainty. Why this

mysterious manœuvring if all France was waiting to honor him?

Darkness came; drenching rain; a gale howled through the rigging as the cruiser ploughed through the waves. Then another stop. An officer came to Dreyfus's cabin. "A steam launch will be out for you shortly," he said.

It was nine o'clock before the launch arrived and then, because of the storm, it was unable to come alongside. It was decided to send Dreyfus to it in one of the cruiser's small boats. He felt his way down the ladder while the gale whipped at him and the rain drenched his clothing, causing an immediate chill. He slipped as he neared the bottom of the ladder and fell into the boat, injuring his legs. No one helped him; no one spoke to him. He huddled in the stern, his teeth chattering with the cold, his legs aching. He was barely able to rise when they came to the launch.

He made the transfer without a word being addressed to him and for two hours the launch wandered aimlessly through the high seas. Then he glimpsed lights ashore and, as the launch put in, heard a confused murmur of voices above the storm. Everything was all right then; his friends, his loved ones were waiting for him at the pier.

But there were only fishermen and gendarmes there. The gendarmes gathered around him as he laboriously stepped ashore and he was hustled away to a carriage. Inside were three gendarmes; they made room for him, but

did not speak. "Back! Back! Make way!" he heard the police outside calling; the coachman whipped up his horses and they dashed off into the night to he did not know where.

On each side of the carriage rode troops and now he understood why such care had been taken in bringing him ashore. His certainty of a glorious welcome, his confidence that revision of his case meant exoneration the moment he stepped ashore had been only dreams. He understood now that weary weeks of fighting for his honor lay before him.

He rode in the carriage to the station, a mile from the village, where a special train waited. He was put aboard, still guarded by the gendarmes, still in silence, and the train pulled away for Rennes.

At Rennes the word had gone around Dreyfus was arriving that night. A huge crowd had gathered at the station, but most of the correspondents were waiting outside the military prison. They knew their French authorities; they guessed that Dreyfus would be brought to the prison in the most dramatic manner possible. Now it would be tame, they argued, to bring him into the station; they felt certain that the train would be stopped outside the town and Dreyfus brought to the prison in a carriage, with an army to guard him.

They were correct. At La Rablais, a crossing just outside Rennes, the train came to a stop; Dreyfus was put into a carriage and the horses were lashed into a gallop.

Through the night they raced, with excited troopers tearing ahead of them, behind them and alongside them, arousing the villagers as they sped by, arousing every one not at the station or the prison. This was in the approved French manner; the authorities would have been amazed at the suggestion that their prisoner could have been brought to Rennes without fanfare.

The throng outside the prison heard the great clatter and sent up a shout. Immediately the prison gates were thrown open and several hundred gendarmes rushed out. You would have thought the city was being attacked. "Back, back, back!" they roared at the eager spectators. Gendarmes and spectators alike were trembling with excitement; the great moment had come.

"Back! Back!" The crowd gave way, only to surge forward when the panting police turned to attack another section. "Clear the way!" bellowed the gendarmes. "Here he comes!" roared the crowd. But it was not he. Only a peasant driving furiously in his old cart to reach the scene in time. Oh, it was glorious!

At last he came. The gendarmes made one more magnificent charge, forcing the crowd back; the carriage drew up with a flourish and the horses, their bodies sleek from the rain, their mouths foaming, their nostrils breathing fog, reared on their hind legs as every good French horse should.

Silence fell. The carriage door was opened and a bent

form stepped out and stared in bewilderment. A gasp went up from the crowd, for even in the dim light of the lanterns all could see how pale and drawn Dreyfus's face was. He looked like an old man, without his uniform; his gray overcoat and felt hat were wrinkled; he limped and his shoulders sagged. He seemed to be in a dream, staring first at the crowd, at the carriage and his escort and then at the prison walls. He started as he saw the walls, for he had seen them before and knew where he was.

The crowd found its voice. "See, he is lame. The irons—they kept him in irons." "His hair is white. Look at his beard." "Ah, he trembles; he fears the prison." "Well he may, the traitor." "Traitor? For shame!"

Then he was gone, whisked through the gates, which closed behind him. "Move on! Move on!" cried the gendarmes, but they did not expect any one to obey and they were so proud of their theatrical flourishes they did not want everything to be over just yet. The crowd agreed. They were drenched by the rain and they were exhausted, but they were not ready to depart. They saw a light through a barred prison window and although most of them knew it was not in Dreyfus's cell they immediately said it was and they stared and stared.

"He's home!" exclaimed a woman, laughing hysterically. The crowd nodded solemnly and gazed at the barred window.

Home!

IV

Nine o'clock the morning of July 1. For five years Dreyfus had waited and prayed for this moment and now that it was here he feared it. He was shaking from head to foot, for a guard had just left after telling him: "You may see Madame Dreyfus in a few minutes."

During his last few months on Devil's Island he had schooled himself to stifle all emotions; tears which had come often during the first part of his exile dried up inside him. He was amazed, then, to find himself weeping violently after the guard had departed.

The spasm passed, the trembling ceased, but he was weak with suppressed excitement and yearning as he was ushered into a bare room next to his cell. She was waiting there, her eyes on the door, her heart thumping, her lips dry.

If they had been actors on the stage they would have exclaimed, they would have rushed into each other's arms. But they were not actors. They were two human beings who had existed in hell for five years that they might have this day; those years of hell had made their love everlasting, and because they so loved, with an ocean between them, now they stood together and outwardly were as strangers.

A brief embrace—neither could endure more at the moment—and they stepped apart, conscious that they were strangers, conscious of the young officer who ob-

served them with undisguised interest. They longed to pour out their hearts to each other, to be lovers again, forgetting the miseries of the years in their reunion, but they could not. They longed to whisper to each other the sweet, sacred things only they knew, withdrawing into a world of their own where the plottings and hatreds she knew and he only guessed could not penetrate, but they could not.

Instead they gazed hungrily; in the eyes of each was a story of suffering that added to the other's sorrow. The words would not come, they could not look at the misery they saw, yet a joy that hurt and almost choked them surged through them. And so they sat, man and wife, strangers; lovers, afraid to touch hands; a couple reunited, and speechless.

It was ever thus with men and women who have gone down into the depths, to rise again by faith and hope. Words do not help a woman who sees before her a pitiful husk that was once her stalwart soldier-husband. Words do not help a man who sees before him the white, pain-streaked face of a woman injustice has tortured. Words are better unspoken at such a time and eyes are better blind.

PART FOUR

I

NEW TRIAL; OLD EVIDENCE

ON August 7, 1899, Dreyfus went on trial before a second court-martial. All Rennes was up early, for French trials begin at an hour when most of the world is asleep. It was six o'clock, but the Avenue de la Gare was bathed in sunlight and the foreigners already were complaining of the heat. Several hundred persons stood in line in the avenue opposite the *Lycée*, where the prisoner of Devil's Island was to face his accusers once more. The gendarmes were there, filling the morning air with their now familiar cries, "Back! Back!" And the Director of Police was there, excited as ever, inefficient as ever, glorious as ever.

Dreyfus was brought from the military prison across the street, but few saw him, for a detachment of infantry lined up from prison to court and the prisoner was hurried along the lane they formed. There were a few cheers, a few hisses, but nothing more. It was too early to become excited and the great moments were to come later, anyway.

Then began the parade of witnesses; the Generals first, old Mercier, War Minister at the time of the first trial; Billot, Chanoine, all in parade uniform, very fine, very

military; Zurlinden and M. Cavaignac; the former President, Casimir-Perier. The crowd gazed, but appeared unmoved; only Mercier, the old war horse, the man who would not give in, received an ovation as he arrived in state in a closed carriage. Complete silence greeted Colonel Picquart. He was not in uniform—he had lost that to defend Dreyfus—but he was immaculately dressed in a black frock coat, huge tie, black silk hat. This was the man who had lost everything he cherished, but he was smiling, bowing, chatting gaily with other Dreyfusards.

The doors were opened and the crowd surged inside while the gendarmes added to the confusion, refusing seats to every one who did not appear in uniform and quite unaffected when those so refused calmly sat where they pleased. The courtroom, long like a concert hall, bright with sunlight, was soon filled. Correspondents lucky enough to have tickets, were lined up on each side of the room. Rough board benches and chairs had been provided for them. In front was a raised platform; above it, on the wall, was a crucifix. The platform was for the judges. Behind them a few privileged persons sat. In the center of the hall were the witnesses, vivid splashes of color against the dark brown walls, and behind them were spectators. In this group were Mathieu Dreyfus and M. Hadamard, Lucie's father. Lucie was not there; she had no desire to be there and it was easier for Dreyfus if she remained away.

A picket fence of bayonets ran across the back of the

hall, for this was a military trial, and the army was well represented. The soldiers who carried the bayonets were also in parade uniform. Whenever they moved the sunlight reflected their glory in brilliant flashes across the somber walls.

At seven o'clock the lawyers entered. First came old Major Carriere, a soldier upon whom, for some reason, the law had been thrust. He could fight on a battlefield, but he could not do much of anything in a courtroom. He knew it, the judges knew it, every one knew it; he was more a figurehead than anything else. The law said there must be a prosecutor and that accounted for Major Carriere.

Then Maître Labori, that blond Viking, with the bearded, yet boyish face, and huge frame. With him was Maître Demange, the old-fashioned one. They received a tremendous ovation from the Dreyfusards, who knew only confidence now that Labori, the famous defender of Zola, was with them. Ah, just wait until Labori gets up to speak. Is he not handsome? No wonder his young wife left her first husband to run away with him.

Labori and Demange were in excellent spirits. They had spent many hours with Dreyfus in his cell, telling him bit by bit the story of the last five years. Strange names they had told him and strange happenings, but he had placed his life in their hands with supreme confidence. Demange he loved as a brother; he kissed him that first day they met in the cell, and he worshipped Labori, be-

cause of the man himself and the great lawyer he knew him to be after reading the Zola trial.

The trial was about to get under way.

"Carry arms!" snapped a trim young officer.

"Present arms!"

Rattle, rattle. The bayonets flashed. The soldiers stood at attention. The seven judges entered, led by Colonel Jouaust, grim, hard-eyed, a soldier of the old school. His white moustache was beautiful. His parade uniform was beautiful. On his right sat Lieutenant Colonel Brongniart, gloomy, seemingly uninterested; Major de Breon, a man with a terrible conscience—he will make himself ill trying to find justice before the trial ends; Captain Parfait, very young, very aloof. On the left, Major Profillet, quiet and with traces of sorrow etched on his face; Major Merle, unhappy, too, and Captain Beauvais, ready to do whatever his superiors commanded.

"Bring in the prisoner," ordered Jouaust.

Every one stood up as a door at one side of the platform was opened and Dreyfus entered. He was in uniform again, a black uniform, with red collar; white gloves. The collar was high and his hair hung over it, white against the red.

He blinked in the sunlight, hesitated. There was not a sound in the room. He nervously adjusted his eye-glasses, then marched to his chair. A gasp followed him; all near by could see how thin he was; how his uniform had been

padded at the shoulders; how the trousers flapped around his bony legs. His mouth was twitching.

He turned at the platform, facing the judges. With an effort he drew himself erect, raised his right arm to the peak of his képi. It was the salute of a mechanical man.

"You may be seated," said Jouaust.

Dreyfus removed his képi and sank into a chair. "Sit down! Sit down!" roared the gendarmes, and the spectators subsided. They could see only the back of Dreyfus's head, but their eyes were glued to it. Dreyfus tugged at his red moustache—he had removed the beard of Devil's Island—then folded his hands.

Colonel Jouaust asked a question. Few in the hall could hear and they caught only a few words of Dreyfus's reply: "Alfred Dreyfus . . . Captain of artillery—39 . . ." His voice was strained; one moment it was harsh, gritty; the next it was a feeble whisper. Five years of silence. . . .

The clerk of the court arose and read in a tremendous voice the bill of indictment of 1894. This was familiar to the white-faced man at whom it was directed, but to most of those in the audience it was new. "The *bordereau* —valuable documents to a foreign power—the manœuvres—gambling—women . . ." ah, he knew it all. They still cling to the *bordereau,* then, as their most important evidence. Always it must be the *bordereau,* even with Esterhazy, ranting in England, boasting it was his work.

Colonel Jouaust addressed the prisoner: "Stand up." Dreyfus rose obediently, holding his képi in front of him. "It results from this document," said Jouaust, "that you are accused of having brought about machinations or that you held relations with a foreign power, or with one or more of its agents, in order to procure it means, by delivering to it documents indicated in the incriminating *bordereau*, to commit hostilities or undertake war against France. . . ." Jouaust leaned forward and handed the *bordereau*, pasted on a strip of cardboard, to the prisoner. "Do you recognize this document?"

Dreyfus stepped back, an expression of horror on his face, but he spoke calmly: "It was shown to me at the first trial and I did not know it."

He paused, his passion burst its bonds; he was choked by sobs and his voice was not human as it rose and fell in a fearful cry of protest. "I am innocent! I declare as I always have done . . . I am innocent!"

Mathieu, pale as death, jumped from his seat, but a guard restrained him. Dreyfus swayed, seemed about to fall, then that terrible voice screamed again: "Five years in the galleys! Oh, Colonel, for the honor of my name . . . for my wife . . . my children! My God, I am innocent!"

Only Colonel Jouaust was calm. He seemed very cold and very hard as he sat there looking down at the trembling man in front of him.

"You deny it, then?" he asked. Deny it! The question,

after the passionate outburst, acted like a splash of cold water in Dreyfus's face. He threw back his head, squared his stooped shoulders under the padded uniform.

"I am innocent, Colonel," he repeated quietly.

II

The trial continued. Names of all the witnesses were called and there were some that brought no response. Esterhazy and du Paty de Clam were not present, nor would they be present if they could help it. Dreyfus turned to survey the witnesses as Esterhazy's name was called and there probably would have been another tempestuous scene had the real traitor been in the courtroom. Mlle. Pays, one of Esterhazy's mistresses, also failed to answer. Henry's name, of course, was not called, but his widow, dressed in mourning, was there, sitting with the anti-Dreyfusards.

There was a dispute about Esterhazy. Should the trial proceed without him? "It matters little to me," said Major Carriere, and that was very true. Labori wanted him, but wanting him could not bring him. The court ruled the trial should proceed.

Colonel Jouaust did most of the questioning. The questions were old; Dreyfus had heard them at his first trial. All about his knowledge of the "120 brake," the covering of troops, the firing manual for the field artillery. "I know nothing of them," the prisoner said.

What of the phrase in the *bordereau:* "I am starting for the manœuvres"?

"At the date of the *bordereau* I knew I was not going," said Dreyfus.

And, once more, the suspicions surrounding his trip to Mulhouse; the trip on which his boyish hatred of the Germans returned. His face flaming, Dreyfus denied insinuations that he had associated with German officers during that trip, but he did not tell how he tore the sheets with his teeth while the German band played beneath his window. Dreyfus the aloof, the cold one, could not tell that in public.

Gambling: "In 1891," said Jouaust, "while passing through the Champs Élysées, you remarked: 'here lives a certain lady. Suppose we call on her. I have lost heavy sums at her house.' "

"That is false, Colonel. I have never gambled. Never! Never!"

The famous dictation test: "Colonel du Paty de Clam said your writing at his dictation was less firm." An officer arose and handed Dreyfus the piece of paper he wrote that day in du Paty's office. It was soiled, slightly yellow, and at the sight of it the vivid memory of that terrible day, of the foolish "test," of his arrest and his first night in a cell, returned to Dreyfus. Once again his control was gone; he was as a man going mad as he rocked on his feet. His voice shrieked above the pitch he had found

during the questioning and, with white-gloved hand upraised, he cried:

"It is iniquitous to condemn an innocent man! I am innocent! I have not confessed!"

Murmurs of pity, a few hisses. Mathieu was suffering terribly. But old Jouaust remained unmoved. His level voice cut in, quieting Dreyfus as it had once before. "Now what passed between you and Captain Lebrun-Renault?"

Here was the "confession" story again. "What did you tell him?" insisted Jouaust.

"It was a broken monologue," said Dreyfus. I said, 'Lebrun, I will cry aloud my innocence in the face of the people.' "

"Did you say, 'The Minister knows I handed over documents'?"

"No. If I spoke of a Minister who knew I was innocent, I referred to a conversation I previously had with du Paty de Clam."

Dreyfus sat down; Jouaust had no more questions and court was adjourned for the day. The Dreyfusards were elated; nothing new, nothing tangible had been presented. The same old *bordereau,* the same old gossip. Dreyfus had answered all, with the exception of the confession, at his first trial. And the confession would not hold for long, once Labori took charge of the witnesses who believed it and insisted it was true. Ah, the future was bright.

Dreyfus went back to his cell, along the lane of soldiers, and there were more cheers for him. Guilty or innocent, he had been both pitiful and dramatic in court and that weighed much more with the average Frenchman than all the evidence in the world.

He went back to his cell and Lucie came to see him; they were no longer strangers and they were confident the end of their tragedy was near. Dreyfus's lawyers came, too; bubbling over with enthusiasm, eager to meet the first witnesses. They asked Dreyfus, "What were your impressions of the first day?"

He said, with a simplicity that shook them, "It was good to see human beings again!"

III

The next four days secret sessions were held while members of the court, the lawyers and authorities inspected the famous *dossier*, with its exhibits of forgery and its "documents" having nothing to do with the Dreyfus case. Labori and Demange saw nothing in it to fear; Dreyfus also was unworried and, at times, assisted the judges in translating several documents that were written in German. Dreyfus knew German as well as French, which was not surprising in his case, but the wonder is that his accusers did not use that as another piece of "overwhelming" evidence of his dealings with the Emperor.

NEW TRIAL; OLD EVIDENCE

On the fifth day public hearings were resumed. The courtroom was jammed, for General Mercier was on the stand. He was presumed to be the star witness against Dreyfus and, gay old war dog that he was, he had dressed with elaborate care for his day in court. Black tunic, red trousers, the decoration of the Legion of Honor on his breast, a crimson and gold képi. Old though he was, cracked though his voice, he represented the heroic army to the army-worshipping multitude. Those who worshipped and those who hated him joined in appreciating him because he was glorious.

He had not a shred of evidence with him, but in the French manner he talked for four hours, delivering nothing more than a speech for the prosecution. No proof to offer—does a General need proof!—nothing but his own opinion and the idle talk of other Generals. Through it all he spoke directly to the judges, men who were his subordinates, and they listened to him with respect; they could not do otherwise.

Mercier spoke without heat; he appeared to have no animus toward Dreyfus and in this he differed from most of the military authorities who bellowed with rage at the mere mention of the traitor. But Mercier was worth more to the prosecution than all the raging Generals put together; he was sly; he knew loud words rarely win a point. It has been said Mercier was honest in his conviction Dreyfus was guilty. That is hard to believe, yet it can be said of him that he alone never

joined in the outcry of "traitor! traitor!" Yes, Mercier was sly and he slyly built the foundation which the others mounted to do their roaring.

He was building a new one as he sat there in the witness chair. The foundation was new, but the material was old. It was the army's favorite cry: War! War!

"In 1894 the diplomatic situation was perilous," he began. "The Emperor of Germany was interesting himself personally with cases of espionage. And one of our witnesses will tell you he saw on the table in the Emperor's study in Potsdam a newspaper, on which was written, 'Captain Dreyfus is caught.' "

But Germany denied all association with Dreyfus, Mercier continued, and Germany finally demanded that papers in the possession of French authorities be returned. They were, said the General, "and all that night the President of the Republic (Casimir-Perier), the Prime Minister and I waited at the Élysée to know whether war or peace would result."

Ah! The judges, the witnesses, the spectators were fascinated. Only Casimir-Perier, sitting in front of the old General, seemed unimpressed; more, he was shaking his head in vigorous denial of Mercier's statement.

"Yes, we were within an ace of war. But late at night we made peace."

And that was why, said Mercier, he ordered the secret *dossier* produced at Dreyfus's first trial. War had been

averted at the last moment; it would have flared again had the *dossier* been made public. Wise old Mercier, talking to soldier judges about war.

He went on, taking much time to prove that Colonel von Schwarzkoppen was involved in an espionage system, something every one admitted, for the *bordereau* had come from his office. He spoke of the other documents in the secret *dossier,* stressing in a general way that some one was a spy and, because of this and because of that, the some one must be Dreyfus. But he did not feel that Dreyfus was a traitor for money; no, "I believe the only motive for his treason was that he had no feeling of patriotism. And I say to you, Messieurs, I would be the first to declare it to you and say before you, to Captain Dreyfus, 'I am mistaken, but in good faith.' "

A ghastly cry rang through the courtroom; a terrible thing it was to hear and many were to hear it in their nightmares for days to come. Dreyfus was on his feet, his face livid with rage, his body crouched as though to spring at his accuser. Mercier jumped up, aghast, his calm for once shaken. Guards rushed forward to restrain Dreyfus. The judges moved to protect their superior.

"That is what you should say!" cried Dreyfus, and in an instant the atmosphere of the courtroom was changed. Men and women who had been listening with rapt attention to the fantastic story of Mercier sprang to their feet and sent up wild cheers. Others, whose sole

interest in life seemed to be to demand death for some one, stood on chairs and bellowed: "Assassin! Death to Mercier!"

The old war horse was shaken; he stammered his words, but he did not change them; did not back down one step. "I would come and say, 'Captain Dreyfus, I was mistaken, in good faith,' and I come with the same good faith to admit it, and I will do all in human power to repair the frightful error."

"Why don't you then?" shouted Dreyfus. "That is your duty!"

The clamor was stilled finally and Mercier had the last word. "No," he said, "my conviction since 1894 has not suffered the slightest weakening."

"Have you finished?" asked Colonel Jouaust.

"Yes."

He left the witness stand and pandemonium broke loose again as he stalked proudly from the room. Spectators crowded around him, hissing, booing, calling for his death. The tide had turned, but not for any sensible reason. Mercier had been dramatic; Dreyfus had been more dramatic.

That was all.

II

THE MYSTERIOUS BULLET

GENERAL MERCIER testified on a Saturday. On Monday there was great expectation in Rennes, for word had sifted through from the Dreyfusards that Labori would call Casimir-Perier to refute the old warrior's story of that night on which war threatened. Most of the witnesses and the correspondents had watched and heard the blond giant in cross-examination at the Zola trial and they were eager for the battle between Mercier and him.

Labori was eager, too; it was all he could talk about at breakfast with his wife, and she was a willing listener. Madame Labori was one of the most beautiful women Rennes had seen in many days and her life added, as far as Rennes was concerned, to her charm. She was an Australian, formerly a concert pianiste, and it was at a concert that she met Pachmann, the Russian musician, whom she married. They had two children—and then she met Labori. There was a divorce. There was another marriage. And they were very happy.

They were very happy as Labori set out for court the morning of August 14. She was to follow within an

hour, for she was determined not to miss a session. Labori met Picquart and a cousin of the latter, M. Gast, on the way. They walked along together, by the bridge of La Barbotiere, along the tow path to the Quai Richemont.

Labori boasted, "I shall demolish that Mercier. What a story he tells. I . . ."

"Do not talk so loudly," cautioned Picquart. "We are being followed."

A funny little man was behind them, a man with red hair, a short black coat and a white skullcap. Picquart sensed, as a man who has been threatened with death many times will, that the funny little man meant no good. He took Labori's arm and hurried him along.

It was over in a moment; a pistol shot, rather a faint shot, a feeble bang, but Labori wheeled, clutched at his back, cried out and fell.

Picquart and Gast bent over him, believed him dead and started off in pursuit of the assassin, now racing along the tow path, unhindered by scores of workingmen, unhindered even by gendarmes in the vicinity. "Assassin! Assassin!" cried out Picquart and Gast, and the cry was picked up and broadcast, but none made a move to stop the man; none, that is, until he reached a group of river workers who rushed towards him.

They were anti-Dreyfusards, these workers, and how the man knew is a mystery. Perhaps he did not know, perhaps he simply took a chance. "Leave me alone," he

squeaked, and waved his toylike pistol. "I have killed Dreyfus!"

He took his chance and he won. The workers stepped back and permitted him to race on, into the gloom of the Rennes forest. No one followed, for Picquart and Gast were exhausted and gave up the chase. He vanished, never to be seen again in Rennes, never to be identified. One more mystery to be added to the Dreyfus Affair.

Labori lay where he had fallen; he was conscious, but very pale and as Picquart returned and bent over him, he gasped, "Old man, I shall die, but Dreyfus is saved."

"A doctor; we must have a doctor," cried Picquart, and a young man stepped forward; he examined Labori closely, feeling him carefully, found a watch and pocketbook and departed with them. No one seemed to know what to do; even the efficient Picquart was helpless. And why were the police deliberately remaining away?

Madame Labori came along the towpath; she was the most capable of all. No cries, no tears. Instantly she was down in the dust, her husband's head in her lap while she fanned his face. Half an hour passed and then came four soldiers with a litter. Labori was carried back to his home and a doctor was summoned. All Rennes held its breath until official word came from the bedside that the wound was not mortal.

And then Rennes went mad.

With the coming of night the Dreyfusards stormed through the streets, driving all the anti-Dreyfusards to

cover. They paraded in front of Mercier's lodgings and they made the night hideous with their cries: "*A mort Mercier!* Assassin! Down with Mercier!"

There was no question in their minds; the old General, fearing exposure at the hands of Labori, had instigated the attempt on his life. Even Picquart, a partisan, but eager seeker for justice, pointed an accusing finger at his former chief. "I saw him just after the crime," said Picquart. "Such a look of insolence and triumph was on his face." Yes, yes; it was Mercier. And so the mob, a mob of Dreyfusards this time, raged through the town, crying out for vengeance, as other mobs had cried out against Dreyfus.

But General Mercier and other Generals, too, came to Labori's bedside to express sympathy and Labori thanked them publicly. Furthermore, he said in no uncertain terms that he did not believe the attempted assassination came from "the other side." He pointed out that such an attempt by the anti-Dreyfusards would not have aided their cause in the eyes of the world; true, they might have scored in saving Mercier from a terrific cross-examination, but they would have suffered by the condemnation of all right-thinking people. No, Labori believed a fanatic among the Dreyfusards had sought to arouse sympathy by making a martyr of the lawyer.

That he was a fanatic—Dreyfusard or anti-Dreyfusard—was the most logical explanation, yet in Rennes that day were few who cared to listen to logic. The one,

P. & A. Photo

Dreyfus after his second trial.

undeniable, crushing fact was that on the very day Labori was most needed he was struck down. Once more fate had turned against Dreyfus.

II

While Labori lay wounded in the dust the court-martial was waiting for him to continue the trial. Word of the tragedy did not come immediately; the police of Rennes seemed paralyzed that day and, as the police were, for the most part, anti-Dreyfusards, their inertia was pointed to as evidence of an anti-Dreyfusard plot. Even the detectives who usually guarded Labori and Picquart were missing when the shot was fired.

There was a furore in court when word did come and a brief adjournment was taken. The correspondents, of course, went wild, as well they might, for here was sensationalism that could be flashed around the world. Men cursed as they struggled towards the doors, women wailed. Dreyfus was stupefied. Old Demange was crushed.

But the trial went on. It was to have been the great day for the Dreyfusards. It was one of their worst.

First came Casimir-Perier, to give the lie to Mercier's war-scare story. "The incident," said the former President, "has been magnified. There was complete calm."

"I have sworn to tell the whole truth," interjected Mercier, and the defense let him go with that. No bril-

liant cross-examination, no attempt to riddle his story. Demange probably could not have done it if he had desired to; as it was, he was all the more helpless because of his grief for Labori.

But crafty Mercier—and daring he was, too—could not let the matter rest. He offered the opinion that despite Esterhazy's confession Esterhazy was not the author of the *bordereau*. "For, you see," he explained, "we have always *treated* the *bordereau* as though it were the original document."

There was genius, nothing less. What Mercier was saying in his subtle, sly way, was that the original *bordereau* had been returned to Germany when those storm clouds were supposed to be gathering. What he was saying, without putting it into words, was that the army's proof was gone, but here was a copy of the *bordereau*. It was this copy, then, and not the original which Esterhazy admitted writing. Therefore, Esterhazy was lying and Dreyfus did write the original *bordereau*.

Amazing, unbelievable; but what other meaning could be gained from that word *treated?* Mercier was deliberately trying to convey to the soldier judges, men below him in rank, an admission that the *bordereau* in evidence was a forgery and he was trying to show that the very fact it was a forgery should make them discount Esterhazy's confession.

Of course he did not put it into words; he merely said "we have always *treated* the *bordereau* . . ." and

left the rest to soldiers' minds. He knew soldiers' minds and he knew, too, how helpless Demange was that day. He took a chance and came through with flying colors. Demange did not sense the full import of those few words; none of the Dreyfusards did, until later.

General Mercier may have been a villain, but he was an audacious villain.

* * *

More Generals. General Billot, with whom Scheurer-Kestner, now on his death bed, pleaded. Billot speaks well of Picquart's work in Tunis and denies indignantly the insinuations that he sent Picquart there to catch him in a death trap. General Zurlinden: "I believe Dreyfus guilty; Esterhazy's confession has not altered my belief." No evidence; no proofs. General Chanoine: "Dreyfus is guilty."

M. Cavaignac. Henry's forgeries have not taught him a lesson. He still insists Dreyfus is guilty and cites Captain Lebrun-Renault's confession story as proof. As for Esterhazy, "even admitting that the *bordereau* was written by him, he could only have acted as an accomplice or an intermediary."

Demange permits them to go on; so does Dreyfus. They do not appear to consider the testimony important. It should not be important, but have they forgotten the first court-martial?

* * *

A week has gone by since the second court-martial began. They are reading the official reports from Devil's Island now; very official they are, but their business-like language serves by its very brusqueness to stir sympathy for Dreyfus.

"He expressed the fear he was losing his mind . . . He objected to the irons . . ." on and on until Dreyfus could endure it no longer; he bowed his head and the tears trickled down his cheeks. Many were weeping in the courtroom; even the eyes of General Billot were wet, and as for the gendarmes, barometers reflecting the emotions of the moment, they were unashamed in their compassion. But when Colonel Jouaust asked Dreyfus if he cared to remark on the reports the prisoner replied, "No, Colonel, I am here to defend my honor. I do not wish to speak here of the atrocious sufferings which for five years, I, a Frenchman and an innocent man, was subjected to on the *Île du Diable*."

Madame Henry was next. She should have been a pathetic figure, but she was not. She admitted calmly that her husband had told her he forged one document "to save the honor of the country." M. Bertulus, a magistrate, to whom Henry had made official confession, told of that scene while Madame Henry wept. Bertulus, a witness for Dreyfus, had no more evidence than the anti-Dreyfusards, but he made one statement which, in any other land, would have been the keynote of the entire defense.

"Dreyfus," he said, "had no motive to commit the crime of treason. Without motive there was no crime."

His testimony was cut short as Madame Henry, following the custom of the French courts, walked forward again and, standing beside M. Bertulus, said: "My husband told me of his visit with M. Bertulus. He described how the magistrate advanced to meet him and held out his arms. I said to my husband, 'Are you sure of this man? I am very much afraid that his kiss was the kiss of a Judas.' "

Great sensation, reported the correspondents.

"This man is indeed the Judas I imagined," concluded Madame Henry.

Bertulus did not attempt to reply; he merely handed the judges a note which he had previously received, a note warning him that Madame Henry had planned this scene before the trial opened.

The correspondents were greatly excited; the spectators were greatly excited. Madame Henry was the woman of the hour. For the moment the one man who should not be forgotten was forgotten.

III

"OUR MARIE," THE COURT JESTER AND OTHERS

COLONEL MARIE-GEORGES PICQUART testified for five hours on August 18. If any persons in the throng that listened to him with rapt attention expected him to offer real proofs of Dreyfus's innocence they were disappointed, but he did speak for five hours without interruption, presenting a sane, logical analysis of the case. It is doubtful whether this saneness was appreciated, for Picquart had become such a hero to the Dreyfusards that he could talk about the weather and they would listen as though to a voice from heaven.

"The divine Picquart" and "Our Marie" they called him and they adored his large, melancholy eyes and his sensitive, almost feminine face. So they cheered him and rushed forward to kiss his hands, not because of what he said but because it was "Our Marie" who said it.

Picquart's testimony, balm though it was to Dreyfus after the thrusts of the Generals, was only his opinion against theirs. No one can deny that the Dreyfusards also were given to long speeches and little evidence; that was the Dreyfus court-martial and that was France.

Picquart sketched the entire history of the case. Piece by piece he considered the *bordereau* in an effort to show Dreyfus could not have written it. He reiterated that Dreyfus would not have written, "I am going to the manœuvres" because Dreyfus knew he was not. The Madagascar note any one could have obtained for the asking. The secret *dossier,* said Picquart, contained either forgeries or documents that might involve any soldier in the army as well as Dreyfus. The police reports on Dreyfus's private life Picquart dismissed with a wave of his hand.

He told of his discovery of the *petit bleu,* of his attempts to bring about a reopening of the Dreyfus case, of his suspicions concerning Esterhazy and the refusal of the Generals to permit him to continue his investigations, of his exile to Tunis and his narrow escape from death.

It was a masterful oration, but it was little more. Words, words, always words. Could not some one offer an honest piece of evidence, a slip of paper even? But there had been many slips of paper. What did evidence matter, after all, in those days, when men in reputable positions stooped to forgery without a twinge of their consciences?

After Picquart came General de Boisdeffre with one of the few important facts so far revealed. He admitted that, although France had been saved when Dreyfus went to Devil's Island—so the army insisted—the leak-

age from Military Headquarters continued. In 1895, he said, a paper was discovered showing a foreign power had obtained a document dealing with the distribution of the artillery.

The traitor was on a lonely island, yet there were traitorous dealings going on in France.

But Demange let that slip by.

* * *

Labori returned on August 22. His wife and his physician came with him and in the uproar that greeted his arrival Dreyfus was once more forgotten. Colonel Jouaust read a stirring welcome and Labori replied with impassioned oratory. He swayed on his feet, he waved his arms; velvet words, flaming words poured from his lips. It was magnificent to watch, it was beautiful to hear, but it had nothing to do with Dreyfus.

Words, words, words.

More words, too, from Scheurer-Kestner, but forgivable because he had not long to live and because he, with Picquart, had sacrificed the most to learn the truth. Scheurer-Kestner wrote to the court:

"You will permit an old Alsatian . . . to express the sentiment that the hour of justice will soon strike in the interest of the army, of justice, and of the country."

More words, gossip. Young officers telling they had been told by others that Dreyfus visited an Austrian woman, Madame Dely, who was not pretty, "but dressed

stylishly, had a child and was an adventuress"; an important Captain reading a letter from another officer, affirming Dreyfus had said years ago he once followed the German army manœuvres.

Words, words, words.

Dreyfus could stand it no longer. When a civilian, a man with a woman's love of gossip, told with evident relish how Dreyfus once had as a mistress a Madame Bodson and met a German attaché at her house, the prisoner jumped to his feet and cried:

"My relations with Madame Bodson ceased in 1886 or 1887, since when I have never seen her. The witness is lying. I never met a civil or military attaché at the Bodson house. People must produce definite facts here, and not mere tittle-tattle."

The reaction to that was a statement from General Lebelin de Dionne, governor of the Military College while Dreyfus was there, that Dreyfus was reported to have remarked that the people of Alsace-Lorraine would be much happier under German rule.

Dreyfus threw up his hands. "My sentiments are the very opposite," he protested.

There was a communication quoting the late Colonel Sandherr as saying the Dreyfus family had offered him 500,000 francs on condition he would clear Dreyfus. At last there was some evidence to refute such gossip. Demange read into the record the actual note Sandherr received from the Dreyfus family; it said: "We are

convinced of the innocence of our brother, and will spend our entire fortune to discover the truth."

No argument to that; there was something definite, but immediately after it, came more ridiculous testimony—ridiculous because it was so far-fetched, but subtly important because it served to bolster old Mercier's story.

M. Mertian de Muller said he once visited the Emperor William's palace at Potsdam. A guide took him into the Emperor's bedroom and M. de Muller, being of a curious nature, poked his nose into everything, including a Parisian paper, the *Libre Parole,* lying on a small table.

"Written on the edge of the newspaper," said M. de Muller dramatically, "were certain words in German. They read, 'Dreyfus has been arrested.' "

"Were you sure you were in the Emperor's bedroom?" asked Demange, grinning.

"I should think so. Of course, his name was not on the door!"

But M. de Muller could not repeat the German word for "arrested."

II

And then came the buffoon of them all, the "expert" Bertillon, famous for his system of measuring the human body, but the laughing-stock of the world for his

ridiculous attempt to apply a similar system to the *bordereau.*

Bertillon had not a single paper with him when he entered the court and the audience gasped in amazement, for this was very unlike M. Bertillon. They gasped too soon, however; M. Bertillon had not changed, for following him came a sergeant and four privates, staggering under huge leather satchels, rolls of documents, charts. Even the judges smiled.

"Only intelligent persons can follow my theories," Bertillon began importantly, and was much chagrined when half the audience departed, admitting without shame they had not the intelligence, nor cared to have the intelligence, to follow M. Bertillon.

M. Bertillon was very confused; he talked shrilly, like a side-show barker, the while he covered paper with marvelous figures. The judges tried to look wise; Dreyfus was completely bewildered; Labori and Demange openly amused.

Bertillon danced up to the judges and offered his masterpiece; it was very embarrassing for the judges, and Bertillon, seeing their confusion, enlightened them with this explanation:

"We clearly have before us a fabricated document. The one word always rests upon the other, with a divergence of 1.25 millimetres and 2.25 millimetres. That is a phenomenon which is unnatural."

No one cared to deny it.

There was much more. There was much talk about key words and a blotting pad, tracings, fabrications. Bertillon's theory, in brief—but no, let us go outside and to a café; let us leave the ink-smeared, prancing Bertillon and settle the Dreyfus case with our own theories.

What do Bertillon's theories matter, anyway? "We have always *treated* the bordereau as the original," said old Mercier. But if it is not the original what do Bertillon's theories matter, even granting they are scientifically correct? His plaything, then, according to Mercier, is a forgery.

Surely this farce cannot go on indefinitely.

III

But it seems it will. They are going again into Dreyfus's life before his marriage. Here is Captain Junck, fit candidate for a sewing circle. He actually saw Dreyfus bow to three women on the street. "Dreyfus said," relates the witness, "that one of the women gave nice parties, where pretty women were to be met and where there was much gambling."

That was all Captain Junck had to say and he stepped down with a satisfied air. These insinuations against Dreyfus's private life always incensed the Dreyfusards, as well they might, for they had nothing to do with treason. Yet the "divine Picquart" himself, in accusing

Esterhazy, added morally, ". . . and he lived with Mlle. Pays."

* * *

Labori has abandoned orations for a time and is the brilliant cross-examiner again. Colonel Maurel-Pries, who was president of the first court-martial, is on the stand, and a sorry figure he is. He is pale as a sheet and his legs are shaking. He admits that du Paty de Clam brought the secret *dossier* to the first court-martial.

"But I read only one of the documents," says Maurel-Pries. "It had no effect on me, *as my mind was made up.*"

Labori lashes away at him and before he knows it Maurel-Pries has changed front and is trying desperately to prove the documents in the *dossier* were very convincing. "I read only one," he cries, "*but it sufficed to convince me.*"

Then he stops and his face flushes. "Ah," purrs Labori. The president of the first court-martial is lying, one way or the other. Now, after the first court-martial! Here is Captain Freystaetter, who also was a member of it. Was only one document from the secret *dossier* read, Captain?

"They were all read," says Freystaetter.

"Will Colonel Maurel-Pries come forward?" bellows Labori, and the Colonel does; he stands next to the giant Captain Freystaetter and is a miserable spectacle.

"How do you explain this?" demands Labori.

The Colonel snaps back: "I said I read only one document. I did not say only one document was read."

Labori wants to know if that is correct and Freystaetter replies it is not.

"All the documents were read by Colonel Maurel-Pries who made comments on them," he insists.

The Colonel glares, but he cannot answer. He is a liar then.

Captain Freystaetter goes on: "The Panizzardi dispatch (the *Cette canaille de D*—— document) was in the *dossier*. . . ."

"It is a lie!" cries General Mercier, for once losing his temper.

"I recall it distinctly," replied the Captain, unmoved by a General's heat.

And, wonders of wonders, old Mercier is giving ground. "I did not make up the *dossier*," he says to save himself. "It was made up by the late Colonel Sandherr."

So the old war horse, backed into a corner, is now blaming the dead for the illegalities of the 1894 court-martial.

IV

The fourth week of the trial opened with the handwriting experts' testimony. None had any use for Bertillon's hieroglyphics. All stood by their testimony at the first trial except M. Charavay. It was he who testi-

fied in 1894 that Dreyfus's handwriting and the *bordereau* handwriting were similar, but he would not condemn a man to life imprisonment on the basis of his opinion.

On the stand in 1898 he said:

"I was misled in 1894. It is a great relief to my conscience now to be able to say, before you and before him who is the victim of my mistake, that the *bordereau* is not the work of Dreyfus, but of Esterhazy."

Many more new experts trooped in. Some said the *bordereau* was the work of Esterhazy; some insisted it was the work of Dreyfus. But the Dreyfusards carried the day, for M. Charavay's frank confession that he had erred was impressive.

The strain of the long trial was beginning to tell on Dreyfus. He could not now reply to his accusers without breaking down or raising his voice and this injured his case, in the eyes of the judges, although it thrilled his friends who wanted scenes and more scenes. When Captain Lebrun-Renault, author of the confession story, testified, Dreyfus cried out again that he had made no confession, that his words had been misunderstood. He demanded why the Captain had not asked for an explanation of the words; he shouted: "There were manœuvres that day that must fill all honest men with indignation."

Nor could he restrain himself when Major Forzinetti, the man who befriended him during those first terrible

days in prison, recited how Dreyfus attempted to end his life by beating his head against the walls.

"Yes," cried Dreyfus, "I intended to kill myself. But let me say this! If I went to the frightful torture of degradation it was thanks to Madame Dreyfus, who showed to me my duty, and who told me if I was innocent I ought to go to it for the sake of her and our children. If I am here, it is to her I owe it."

He sobbed and so did most of the spectators.

"Call the next witness," Colonel Jouaust ordered coldly.

The next witness came, and the next and the next. Day after day they came and although the perspiring correspondents faithfully wrote, "Sensation! Sensation!" as each witness voiced his opinion, there was nothing to prove Dreyfus guilty and nothing to prove him innocent. Labori sensed that the trial was merely dragging on and he was writhing under the obvious attempts of Colonel Jouaust to prevent the defense from a thorough cross-examination.

Something had happened to Jouaust. Throughout the trial, although harsh in his attitude toward Dreyfus, he had been fair, but now he appeared to take delight in balking Labori at every turn. Labori was furious; he threatened to retire from the case, but his fury served to make him more of a lawyer than an orator and he decided on a coup that, for some unexplained reason, had not been attempted before.

He telegraphed personal appeals "in the name of justice and humanity" to Emperor William of Germany and King Humbert of Italy to grant permission to von Schwarzkoppen and Panizzardi to come to Rennes.

Here were two men who could say "yes" or "no" and decide the fate of Dreyfus.

Two days later, on September 7, Labori received his replies. Von Schwarzkoppen and Panizzardi, "for reasons of public policy," could not come to Rennes, but they could and would answer the questions of a commission sent by the court-martial.

"I therefore beg," said Labori, "that the court direct a commission to examine them."

The court retired. Within fifteen minutes the judges were back.

"Application refused."

* * *

The defense could not examine foreigners, but the prosecution could. It called Eugene Cernuschi, an Austro-Hungarian refugee. He was a young man, with fair hair and shifty manner; he smirked and bowed to the judges. He was a former cavalry officer in the Austrian Army, he said, but he appeared more like a waiter in a German beer garden.

He testified briefly, but what he had to say was devastating to Dreyfus. A friend of his, a former officer in the German General Staff, had told him Captain

Dreyfus was the man who supplied information concerning the French Army.

"This man," said the witness, "showed me in 1894 the French mobilization plans and when I asked him how he got them he replied, 'What is the use of having Jews if you do not make use of them? Everything in France can be obtained if you pay for it.' "

This was second-hand testimony, but it was damaging testimony. Yet Labori made no attempt to discredit the witness, believing that the man's shifty eyes and his general disreputable appearance were sufficient discredit.

"Very well," said Colonel Jouaust. "We shall hear no more testimony."

IV

THE ARMY'S ANSWER

DREYFUSARDS and anti-Dreyfusards alike welcomed the end; both were confident. There remained now only the closing addresses and then—the verdict.

Major Carriere, the government prosecutor, concluded his speech after an hour and a quarter, which was exactly one hour and a quarter wasted. He would have been pathetic had he not been so sure he was remarkable; as it was derisive laughter greeted many of his arguments. The judges listened because they had to. But we do not.

Dreyfus was in high spirits as the Major concluded; if that was a summation of the government's case he was as good as free. With light step he walked from the court, at recess, stopping to smile as Labori and other friends leaned forward to pat his shoulder and whisper, "Courage." No need to give him courage; he was stronger than all of them, stronger in courage, although his body was fearfully weak.

II

The courtroom was crowded as never before. Eager men and women bid against each other—five francs, ten

francs, twenty francs—for the privilege of squeezing into the back of the room, there to stand in the terrible heat with a bayonet in one's back and a General's plume in one's face.

But what was this? Labori not to speak? What a disappointment! Why, to hear Labori was worth more than the whole trial. Who wanted to hear old Demange?

But Labori was firm; he feared that his clashes with Colonel Jouaust had made ill feeling and that his oratory, bound to be bitter, would serve only to injure the cause. So he gave way, this man who loved speech making more than anything in all the world, and Demange was left alone.

But Demange surprised every one. He showed that he, too, was an orator, and he showed that out of five weeks of gossip and meandering speech making he had grasped the true issues of the case. He did not beat around the bush; he admitted frankly that the defense had not proved the innocence of Dreyfus; it was not called upon to do that, he said; rather, because a presumption of innocence was necessary to obtain a new trial, it was incumbent upon the prosecution to prove him guilty, a reversal of the French custom.

And what of the proofs of this guilt? "Generals pronounce Dreyfus guilty, while admitting it is impossible to provide proofs; some attempt proofs, but they are only accumulated presumptions." But he hesitated to

brand some of these Generals for the villains they were: "I must acknowledge the honesty and honorable conduct of the Generals . . ." Why must he? He knew he was dishonest himself when he included all the Generals in that tribute. It was a concession to the soldier judges, a concession Labori would not have given.

He dismissed the secret *dossier* with few words. Every document in it applied to Esterhazy as much as to Dreyfus and "all France knows the worthlessness" of those documents. This left, then, the *bordereau*, and where was proof that Dreyfus had ever delivered to Germany the documents mentioned in it? "In order to produce proof, I must ask, and we must know, what was the information supplied. Consequently, we must have the notes delivered. Otherwise we have to deal with an hypothesis."

On and on, for hours and hours, a review of the entire trial which caused many to listen spellbound, for they had not grasped the finer points that had cropped out occasionally through the fact-strangling weeds of verbosity.

And then the oratory, a flood of it, while the tears streamed down old Demange's face. Dreyfus, white, motionless as a statue, caught the lawyer's eye as he whirled. "Ah, gentlemen, I ask you whether the noble, dignified bearing of the prisoner since 1894 is not that of an honest, loyal soldier? You will go to your private

room soon to consider your verdict. Once there, what are you going to ask yourselves? If Dreyfus is innocent? That is not the point. But is he guilty?

"You will ask yourselves, 'Are we going to say he sent those documents when we do not even know what they contain?' Another may have given these documents, but he, no, no! And when you say to yourselves that this writing is not his, when you say to yourselves that there is over there on the other side of the Channel a man of whom we have to say, 'It is he,' will there be, gentlemen, no doubt in your minds? That doubt will be sufficient for me. That doubt will mean his acquittal. It will not permit honest, logical consciences to say this man is guilty."

A pause. Through the open windows came a clatter of arms from the courtyard. Already the gendarmes were gathering, fearing trouble, no matter what the verdict. A woman struggled to choke back a sob and failed. "Silence!"

Demange went on: "Cast one more backward glance. Remember what the prisoner was on Devil's Island. Remember how, for five years, this man, in spite of the most horrible sufferings, notwithstanding the most cruel torture, was never for a single moment alone, a guard with him night and day, and never allowed to exchange a syllable with a fellow creature. I am not speaking of the torture of his being placed in irons; I am speaking of the terrible mental torture to which he was subjected.

Well, gentlemen, the spirit which these sufferings, these tortures could not curb, that spirit which remained proud and high, I ask you, is it the spirit of a traitor? I ask you if it is not that of a loyal, tried soldier. I ask if the man who only lived for his children, that they may bear an honored name, this man here who has the cult of honor in his family, I ask if you can believe him to be a villain and a traitor to his motherland?

"No, I have no need to proclaim his innocence. I say your verdict will not be a verdict of guilty, for you have been enlightened. The judges of 1894 had not been so enlightened. They had not before them Esterhazy's writing. But you had it. That is the conducting wire, as God has permitted you, gentlemen, to have it.

"My task is now accomplished. It is for you to do yours. I pray God . . . I pray God that you will restore to our France the concord of which she has so much need."

He was done. Applause burst out, but stern Jouaust suppressed it. "Have you anything to say?" he asked Labori. No. But Major Carriere did. His reply, pitiful as his final address, amounted to this: "Proof is everywhere."

Jouaust, calm, cold—you would have thought he did this every day; well, he had for five weeks—turned to Dreyfus:

"Have you anything to add in your behalf?"

The mechanical man got to his feet; even his voice

sounded mechanical. "Only one thing: I affirm before my country and before the army that I am innocent. My sole aim has been to save the honor of my name, the name borne by my children. I have suffered five years of the most awful torture. But today, at last, I feel assured that I am about to attain my desire, through your loyalty and justice."

"Is that all, Dreyfus?"

"Yes, Mr. President."

The gendarmes were at his elbow. He tried to be a good soldier as they marched him away. Head up, shoulders back, that was the way. Across the room, eyes seeing only a blur of faces with Mathieu's, ghostlike, in the centre. Steady; be a soldier— Oh, God, if Lucie were only out there—be a soldier. The door at last, the little antechamber. Be a soldier . . . Lucie, Lucie . . .

Colonel Jouaust cleared his throat; was it possible there was a lump there? "The court will retire."

The soldier judges stood up, marched stiffly away. Silence of the tomb hung over the courtroom and unseeing eyes remained glued on the drab, brown wall behind the judges' chairs.

III

Fifteen minutes passed. The Generals were gone; they had orders to leave Rennes before the verdict was given. There might be trouble then. But their places were quickly filled.

Dreyfus, in the anteroom with the gendarmes, had control of himself again; Lucie was waiting at Madame Godard's; a Dreyfusard brought word that the judges had retired; she thanked him. She prayed.

Old Demange sat quietly; he was exhausted, but he was hopeful. Labori fidgeted, stacked papers into neat piles and scattered them again. In Paris Zola and Clemenceau waited beside a telegraph instrument. Somewhere in England Esterhazy waited also. And there were crowds at the newsstands, in New York, London, Berlin, St. Petersburg, in Madrid, Rome, Copenhagen. All waiting.

Thirty minutes. The suspense was terrific; the silence was deadly. Even the sun seemed to hesitate, as though reluctant to sink into the forest until the crisis was passed. The air was breathless. Labori rattled the papers to conceal the trembling of his hands. Straining eyes watched the door to the judges' chambers. Men and women alike would have shrieked had any one spoken. Were they waiting for a death?

One hour. It cannot continue. They must come in shortly. What is the delay? Why don't they hurry? No, take time, take more time; it is only four o'clock. Why doesn't some one speak? What is Dreyfus doing? Where is Madame Dreyfus? Oh, why don't they hurry?

One hour and thirty minutes. That woman in white will scream in a minute. How Dreyfus must be suffering. Poor Dreyfus! Let him suffer. The traitor! Listen

to that fly's buzzing. It can't get out. No one can get out.

Two hours. Five o'clock. They are coming back. Women are praying. What's the use of praying now? They've decided on their verdict.

"Present arms!" What a rattle. Look at that gendarme; he's all mixed up. He's trembling, too.

The judges mount the platform. Their haggard faces stare down into a sea of haggard faces. Where is Dreyfus? He must remain in the anteroom; they will tell him the verdict later. But he hears the rattle of arms and he knows the judges are back. A few minutes now and he will know.

Colonel Jouaust adjusts his eye-glasses, parts his splendid white moustache. Ah, he is a cool one, but look at his face. Like a ghost's.

He reads the verdict:

> Today, the 9th of September, 1899, the court martial of the Tenth Legion Army Corps, deliberating behind closed doors, the president put the following question:
>
> "Is Alfred Dreyfus, brevet Captain Fourteenth Regiment of Artillery, probationer on the General Staff, guilty of having in 1894 entered into machinations or held relations with a foreign power, or one of its agents . . .

A woman sobs hysterically. "Silence! Silence!"

> . . . or one of its agents to induce it to commit hostility or undertake war against France, or procure it the means

therefor, by delivering the notes and documents mentioned in the document called the *bordereau* . . . ?"

Now it is coming.

The votes were taken separately, beginning by the inferior grade and youngest in grade, the president giving his opinion last.

Now. Now.

The court declares on the question, by a majority of five votes to two,

"*Yes, the accused is guilty.*"

Silence of the tomb; a frozen horror.

The majority agreed there are extenuating circumstances. . . . As a result, the court condemns . . . Alfred Dreyfus to the punishment of ten years' detention.

Extenuating circumstances! Extenuating circumstances for treason!

There is not a sound. No one can move. The white faces of the judges swim in a mist. Two of them have a right to be pale, but why are the others? Will this moment of anguish never pass?

There is a sudden scramble. The correspondents have come to life, guiltily aware that in their shocked surprise they have wasted precious seconds. They race for the exits with their bulletins: "Dreyfus guilty!"

"Silence! Silence!" The president has not finished. "The judges," he says in a low voice, "will remain seated until the courtroom is cleared. There must be no disturbance."

The gendarmes surrounded the crowd, pushing gently towards the door. No one protests; all move as if in a dream; they might be dead, except that they move. They look at each other, friends and foes alike, and do not see each other. Outside a small crowd sends up a cheer, but it is strangled as the horrified men and women reach the open air and stare blankly into space.

The courtroom is cleared. Only the judges, Demange and Labori and a few gendarmes remain. Demange's head is bowed on a table; he weeps. Labori is slouched in his chair staring at the floor. He bestirs himself, walks with heavy, lagging steps to the door of the anteroom where Dreyfus waits.

He opens the door. Dreyfus stands up. One glance and he knows, as he knew in the military prison five years ago. He steps forward, takes Labori in his arms and kisses him.

"It is guilty," chokes the blond giant; he who is so strong weeps like a child on Dreyfus's shoulder.

And Dreyfus, he who is so weak that prison means certain death, soothes him and says gently:

"Console Lucie."

V

THE WORLD'S ANSWER

DREYFUS was granted twenty-four hours in which to prepare an appeal; he signed it at noon on September 10, sitting in his cell in the now quiet city of Rennes. But Rennes alone was quiet. Throughout the rest of the world there arose a storm of protest. The French flag was spat upon, French consulates were stoned. Paris was comparatively quiet, but there were passionate outbursts in other French cities, Lyons, Nice, Marseilles and Bordeaux.

On the day of the verdict there was an amazing scene in the Criterion Theatre in New York. An actor, in a French Army uniform, appeared on the stage and the audience, both in the galleries and in the boxes, rose in a body, filling the theatre with their hisses, crying, "For shame! Long live Dreyfus!"

A political club in Indianapolis went on record as favoring a boycott of the Paris Exposition. Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, adopted a resolution condemning the sentence.

Special prayers were offered in London synagogues for Dreyfus, for France. Press and pulpit alike voiced their condemnation.

The German newspapers spoke of the verdict as "cowardly and in the barbarous spirit of the Middle Ages." Budapest joined in the movement to boycott the exposition. And in Russia, no friendly land to the Jews, the soldier judges were branded as criminals.

Zola and Clemenceau were aghast, but unbeaten. "From this day," said Zola, "I re-enter the arena, never again to leave it." Two more months and he himself would go on trial again at Versailles where "my beloved, my valiant Labori will pronounce the address he was unable to pronounce at Rennes."

And Clemenceau: "We must never rest till the five men now branded before an offended world are securely lodged in a penitentiary for wilful abuse of sacred laws trusted to their hands."

He referred to the five soldier judges, but the question all the world wanted answered was, "Who were the two judges who voted for justice?" Many days were to pass before this became known and many were the guesses, most of them wrong. For none guessed old Colonel Jouaust. Yes, he was one of the two, and it was said he was bitterly disappointed when the majority voted guilty.

"What, you do not believe him innocent?" he exclaimed. He was the last to vote and he voted not guilty, this cold, stern war horse, whom the world condemned because he refused to permit questioning of the German and Italian attachés. Why did he refuse? In view of his

vote, the only logical explanation is that he needed no more evidence to convince him of Dreyfus's innocence and he apparently believed his fellow-judges held similar views.

The other judge who stood with Jouaust was De Breon, the soldier who, they said, prayed each night during the trial that he might do justice.

II

Dreyfus was dying. Lucie, who visited him each day, saw it. Mathieu saw it. Joseph Reinach saw it. The others, Labori, Demange, Clemenceau, were in Paris and did not see it. Dreyfus bore up well mentally, for he had mastered his mind long before. But for his wasted body he could do nothing. He lay on a cot in his cell and the only food he could take was milk, with an egg now and then. He was dying; he might live for weeks, months; he might live only for a few days. Was that, then, to be his fate, after years of struggle to keep life?

There was talk of a pardon. In Paris, President Loubet summoned his Ministers; something must be done to still the tumult of the world. In Rennes, white-faced Mathieu said: "He will die unless there is a pardon."

But Dreyfus would not listen. It was not freedom he sought. What was freedom to him, without his honor? No, he would die first and, knowing he was dying, he asked that Pierre and Jeanne be brought to

him. He had stilled his yearning for them because he had not wished them to see their father in prison, in disgrace, but he would like to kiss them, to feel their arms around his neck once more before he went. Lucie, courageous to the end, smiled at his talk of death, but promised they would be brought to him.

The Ministers in Paris conferred. Loubet feared it was too soon to grant a pardon. Besides, the Dreyfusards, Clemenceau, Zola and others, were shouting that a pardon was an insult. But the Ministers, favorable to Dreyfus and fearful of the storm throughout the world, determined to act and to act swiftly.

On September 19 it was announced in Paris that a pardon "in principle" had been granted. Dreyfus was free.

At first he clung to his refusal to accept a pardon, but the pleas of Lucie, of Mathieu and Reinach finally won him over. He withdrew his appeal. He would accept the pardon, but he would not rest. He wrote, in a public statement:

"The Government of the Republic restores me my liberty. It is nothing to me without honor. From this day forth I shall continue to seek the reparation of the judicial error of which I am still the victim. I wish that France as a whole should know by a final judgment that I am innocent. My heart will not rest until there is no longer a Frenchman who imputes to me the abominable crime which another has committed."

On the same day a government decree gave him his freedom, Dreyfus received word of a tragedy that dimmed the joy of all those who had fought the great fight. Scheurer-Kestner was dead. The grand old man of the Senate was dead. He had died believing all his efforts futile, believing Dreyfus still a doomed man.

From his cell Dreyfus wrote to Scheurer-Kestner's son-in-law: "I shall teach my children that if honor has been rendered to their father it is thanks to his admirable devotion and I shall teach them to love and venerate his memory."

III

On September 20, at three o'clock in the morning, Dreyfus walks from the Military Prison in Rennes, a free man, but a man whose heart "will not rest."

Lucie has already left Rennes, gone to Carpentras, in the Department of Vaucluse, where on the beautiful country estate of Dreyfus's eldest sister, Madame Valabregue, she and Pierre and Jeanne, Mathieu and many others of their own people will bring new life to the returning exile.

Dreyfus leaves the prison while it is yet dark to escape the watchful correspondents. M. Viguie, of the police, is waiting for him with a carriage and they drive rapidly to Vern, ten miles away, where they board the train. Mathieu is there and Dreyfus's nephew, Paul Valabregue. M. Viguie is going part of the way with them.

Nantes. It is time for breakfast. Dreyfus goes to the station buffet and no one recognizes him. That is no wonder, for he is not wearing a uniform and his navy blue suit, black overcoat and soft felt hat and a rug slung over his arm make him appear but one of many ordinary travelers.

Mathieu and Paul eat well, but Dreyfus cannot. It is too soon; perhaps later, but now he wants only a glass of milk.

Back to the train and into a sleeping compartment. The train rolls away, off for Bordeaux. Mathieu regards his brother with tender, paternal eyes; it is warm, but he insists on tucking the rug around Dreyfus's legs.

"You are not cold?" he asks anxiously.

"Oh, no. I have a flannel vest, two wool shirts, my coat and overcoat." He must dress like that for a time until his body forgets the five sweltering years on Devil's Island.

He leans back, sighs. "Ah, it is good to be free, free, free! It is horrible to have eyes watching you all the time. The imprisonment I could bear, but the eyes . . ."

"You must be tired," says Mathieu. "Do not talk."

"I want to speak." He smiles; he cannot laugh yet. "I shall pay for it tomorrow, but today I mean to do what I please."

The train rushes through the beautiful fertile lands of the Vendean Bocage. "Look at that little village," cries Dreyfus. "The cocks, the hens, the fine trees."

He feasts his eyes. Sparkling streams, fresh green woods; washerwomen kneeling on the banks of canals, church steeples, white houses with red roofs, hay ricks. Ah, it is good to be free!

Lunch time and Dreyfus is hungry. He searches eagerly through the baskets that are brought to the train, chooses cold meats, hard-boiled eggs, some white wine. "You must not eat the meats," warns Mathieu. "It is too soon."

But he waves a hand. "What does it matter? Today is a holiday. It is a new life."

Mathieu relents, but scolds. Over their lunch they discuss the trial, the verdict. "Extenuating circumstances," says Dreyfus. "There are no extenuating circumstances for treason. It is a monstrosity."

He talks of Devil's Island and all the joy goes out of his face. Mathieu is scolding him again. He must not talk of that now. Wait. Wait.

They are nearing Bordeaux and Dreyfus exclaims at the vineyards. "So sweet, so quiet," he whispers. But at Bordeaux there is no quiet. The correspondents have located his train, but they do not intrude when the party crosses to the Hotel Terminus for dinner. Dreyfus is quite gay; he has not laughed yet, but at intervals he tells a joke. A large crowd is waiting at the station when they return; there are cries of "Bravo!" and a lone voice pipes weakly, "Down with Dreyfus!"

On through the night. Dreyfus retires early and Ma-

thieu goes with him, insisting on stretching out beside him, the better to care for him. Dreyfus sleeps well, his first sleep in many years as a free man.

In the morning there is Carpentras in the distance, its steeples aflame in the sun. Dreyfus gazes out of the window and the color floods his face. There are tears in his eyes, but they are tears of excitement. A correspondent comes through the train and begs for a statement. Dreyfus says:

"I feel no bitterness. I nourish no hatred for those who have wronged me so deeply. I feel only pity for them. What we must know is that never again can such misfortune befall any man."

The train comes to a stop. There is but a handful of persons at the station. What calm days these are! Two landaus are waiting, one for Dreyfus, Mathieu and Paul, the other for two detectives who will ride to the estate. The horses step smartly and the landaus are quickly swallowed by great woods.

A short drive and they are at the villa. There is Lucie on the steps and her sister-in-law and her parents, M. and Mme. Hadamard. And there, wonders of wonders; there in the garden are a boy and a girl, staring with round eyes. Pierre and little Jeanne. That Pierre; how he has shot up! He stares, he goes white and then there is a wild, sobbing cry and he is racing down the carriage drive. He has stared, he has been puzzled, but now he

recognizes that bent figure in the black overcoat. Little Jeanne has not—she is too young to remember—but away she goes, curls streaming in the wind, after her beloved brother.

Dreyfus kneels in the grass and opens his arms and two cannonballs thud into them. He kisses one, he kisses the other, eager, hungry kisses, and he almost squeezes the life from them. Jeanne is excited, pleased; she has been told every day of her papa, and here he is and that is that. But Pierre sobs and on his face is a look of anguish that no boy should have. His father does not see it, for he cannot see and he cannot speak.

* * *

Pierre knew and he had known for many months, but had suffered in silence.[1] He had bought a bag of candy and the thrifty storekeeper had made the bag of an old newspaper. There was the name Dreyfus on that newspaper. And, later, Pierre had found a kite made of a newspaper and there, too, was the name of Dreyfus and a history of the case.

He went to his nurse, who with Lucie, with his grandmother, with every one, had told him his father was on a foreign mission. He said, "Now I know why mamma is so sad and why papa remains so long away." And the

[1] The story of Pierre's discovery of his father's martyrdom, fictional though it may seem, was published by newspapers as fact.

nurse said, "You must not tell; your mamma would die if she thought you knew."

He did not tell; he kept his terrible secret, and that was why on that wonderful day of days even the young could not be whole-heartedly gay.

VI

A NEW CENTURY

LIFE was sweet at Carpentras; long, idle days; blessed sleep, blessed food; and wherever one turned there was a friendly face, a loving face. Yes, life was sweet to him who was the prisoner on Devil's Island, who for five years had not known decent sleep or decent food and who had lived night and day under the suspicious eyes of men who hated.

Many correspondents came to Carpentras and they found, too, that life was sweet there. I quote one who tells in a paragraph all that can be told:

> A smiling servant opened the gate to me, and ushered me in. A gravel path through the beautifully-kept flower garden led to an open space, surrounded by fine trees. There stood Mathieu Dreyfus, with, at last, a look of peace and happiness on his face. Around were seated his wife, his two sisters, his brother-in-law. Every face wore that same happy, tranquil look. Every mouth was parted in a continual smile, expressing a feeling of mild and quiet beatitude. Inside the house was Dreyfus resting, his wife sitting by him while he slept.

II

Life was sweet and the old century, content, silently slipped away, to be replaced by a bustling, efficient youngster, eager to squelch, once and for all, Dreyfusards and anti-Dreyfusards alike. Dreyfus in his country retreat seemed satisfied to remain there for the rest of his life. Many of his supporters, still unaware of the man's aloofness, not knowing of his vow never to rest until honor was his again, suddenly found their world empty. Where was their martyr? What had happened to the great cause?

Labori was crushed; so was Picquart. They had lived in a world gone mad, fighting the great fight; now in this calm they were lost; also they had not recovered from the shock of Dreyfus's acceptance of the pardon. Labori was a lawyer and Picquart was an idealist; the former was ready to sacrifice Dreyfus to break forever the hold of the military court and the latter was willing to sacrifice Dreyfus for the triumph of a cause.

And neither could grant the cold, self-contained Dreyfus human emotions outside of the affair. Would Labori or Picquart, tortured for five years, facing death in prison, have gone to that death that a legal point might be proved or an ideal upheld?

And Zola—whatever his sentiments, they were submerged as he girded for his own battle. His prison sentence still hung over him, and Zola, like Labori and

Picquart, had tasted of warfare and craved more.

But France, recovering from its turbulent years, paid little attention to the poutings of the Laboris and Picquarts or the mobilization of the Zolas. It wanted to forget Dreyfus and the whole affair. Poor France, so quick to fly to arms; so quick to pray for peace. But it could not forget; even if it really desired to, it could not. The press alone would prevent that.

In March, 1900, Gambier died and the Dreyfus case again burst into print with characteristic comments from both sides. Gambier, you remember, was the dragoon who broke Dreyfus's sword at the degradation, broke it with a mighty gesture and with contempt for the traitor.

Gambier died heart-broken. He loved the army and he saw what the army did at Rennes. He saw the part he played in that ghastly error and he died praying for Dreyfus's forgiveness.

The government wanted forgiveness, too; it wanted to be forgiven by every one and so, in June, a law of general amnesty was passed, which meant that it obtained its forgiveness by forgiving others. All who had played rôles in the famous affair were forever freed from an accounting, villains and heroes alike; all, that is, except Dreyfus. He was purposely omitted because, amnesty granted him, he could not rehabilitate himself in the courts. This action was nothing more nor less than an invitation to move once more to clear his name.

The Generals breathed more freely; they could not be caught now, and there were many guilty souls who echoed their relief. Picquart and Zola viewed the amnesty as an injustice and said so, but there it was and they could do nothing about it. Picquart joined a firm of gun manufacturers and Zola went back to his books.

III

December. The first year of the new century is nearly done and Dreyfus, feeling that the time has come to seek complete vindication, leaves the quiet countryside for Paris. There he confers with Zola, Reinach and others, but Labori and Picquart take no part. They do not doubt his innocence and they fly into fine rages at the slightest suggestion that Dreyfus has made admissions of guilt to them, but they are no longer interested in the cause.

The conference of Dreyfusards decides to move for a revision of the Rennes court-martial. And then Dreyfus makes a suggestion that surprises them.

"I should like to go to England," he says, adding, "for a brief visit only," as his friends regard him with astonishment. Why should he desire to visit England, and at this time of the year, too? Of course it is none of their affair. "Watch out for that Esterhazy," a friend warns jokingly; Dreyfus replies quietly, "I shall; I should like to see that man."

He goes to London, seemingly only curious about new surroundings, and a friend volunteers to act as his guide. The second night in London he voices a request to view London's night life and his friend, surprised, but willing, methodically makes the rounds with him.

"And now," says Dreyfus as the hour grows late, "let us stroll through Soho."

He evinces no interest in the gay, brightly lighted places and it is not until they reach the most dismal quarter of Soho that he stops and points to a dirty tavern.

"I should like to see such a place," he says. "Only idle curiosity, I assure you."

They enter, find seats in a corner. The friend is nervous, for this squalid place is not to his liking. Scarred, filthy men eye them suspiciously and unlovely women leer at them.

"Let us not stay long," suggests the friend. "We are none too safe here."

"It is interesting," replies Dreyfus, his eyes wandering. "I have never seen anything like this before."

A scowling waiter takes their order; the friend attempts to talk of the affair, but Dreyfus does not seem to hear. His eyes are searching the faces surrounding him and suddenly he jumps to his feet, his face is drained of blood and he clutches his friend's arm. He trembles violently.

"There he is!" he whispers. "See! See!"

"Are you mad? Are you ill? Come, we will leave at once."

Dreyfus sinks into his chair; he is pale as death, but his eyes are burning, staring through the smoke-filled room to another corner where a man sits alone, a bottle of absinthe on the table in front of him.

He is a terrible thing to see, this man. His eyes are burning, too, but burning with fever or drink. His body is wasted, ravaged by consumption. He is dirty, foul; he talks to himself.

"Do you know him?" asks the friend. "What is wrong?"

Dreyfus replies, never taking his eyes from the creature in the corner: "It is Esterhazy!"

A woman at the next table looks up; she believes Dreyfus and his friend are slumming and she hopes for a few shillings. "Yes, it is Esterhazy," she says. "He will tell you his story cheap. Well?"

But the friend is now thoroughly alarmed. "I insist we must go," and he rises and takes Dreyfus by the arm. Dreyfus is willing to go, but as he walks from the tavern he turns for a last searching look. Esterhazy, sodden with drink, hermit-like in his despair, does not see him.

Outside Dreyfus breathes deeply. "It was he; it was the traitor. I am satisfied now."

* * *

Did Dreyfus know that Esterhazy could be found in that vile hole? Was his trip to London made solely for the purpose of seeing the man whom Paris cheered while Dreyfus was in irons on Devil's Island? The newspapers, when they learned of the dramatic encounter, took that view and it seems possible. For many months Dreyfus had expressed a desire to see the man who ruined him and it is quite likely that friends informed him where Esterhazy could be found. The real traitor had sunk to the lowest depths. Unable to sell more stories of the Dreyfus Affair to the newspapers, afraid to return to France, he eked out an existence somehow among the dregs of London's slums. When Dreyfus saw him he had not even a bed and when he was ejected from a tavern he had to seek shelter in the churches or the workhouse. In his moments of misery he stooped so low as to write to his divorced wife whom he never had supported and whom he left for his amorous adventures on the boulevards of Paris.

He wrote to her, begging for help. "I have not eaten for two days . . . I have no clothes and am shivering with cold . . . Without bread, home or clothing, I shall die of privations of all kinds unless a revolver bullet puts everything in order."

But no help came from that quarter and he did not use a bullet. Ten more years of misery were to be his before the final accounting.

IV

A year later the Dreyfus family decided to return to Paris. Long ago Lucie had given up their old apartment and they must find another before leaving Carpentras, where their quiet lives had led them to believe that bitterness over the affair had died down. But peaceful Carpentras could not speak for Paris.

Dreyfus went from agent to agent and from owner to owner and all turned him away; the agents, regretfully, for with him went a fat commission; the owners, with words of hate. Rent their apartment to a traitor? Not they. Rent their house to any one whose name was Dreyfus? Not they.

The famous affair was not dead and, although it was a shock to Dreyfus to learn the bitterness the mere mention of his name could arouse, this bitterness served to strengthen his determination to fight for complete vindication. Meanwhile, proudly and stubbornly, he continued to seek a home.

He found one eventually, a beautiful apartment of which the owner was Baron Edmond de Rothschild. The Rothschilds had been interested in the Dreyfusards and, although the Baron was abroad, his agent was certain the Baron would rent to Dreyfus.

A lease was signed and Dreyfus purchased new furnishings. The day came on which the family was to move in and on that day came also a cable from the

Baron: "Refuse absolutely to accept that tenant. Break lease at any price."

The agent was desperate; he went to the head of the Rothschild bank and told his story. "Cable the Baron," said the banker, "that if he does not rent to Dreyfus I shall rent him an apartment in one of my buildings." The Baron's answer came quickly: "You will not play that trick," and the banker said of course, business was business, and he was sorry, but he could not go against the Baron's wishes.

The lease was broken, Dreyfus was repaid the money he had spent on furnishings—and the family was homeless.

In the suburbs there was not such bitter feeling and it was in a suburb that the Dreyfuses finally found a home. It was good to be by themselves again, the four of them, in their cozy house in a quiet street. Dreyfus went to Paris each day as a rule, spending his time in walking the streets he knew so well and visiting the libraries and the Louvre, but each night found him back in the suburb. He played with Jeanne, helped Pierre with his lessons or sat silently with Lucie in front of their fire. This was the life he loved, yet it was not and could not be as it had been seven years before.

Always there were echoes of the affair.

Even from Chicago there was an echo. A Frenchman, Mugues le Roux, stated publicly there that Zola had seen a written confession signed by Dreyfus in which

Dreyfus admitted all the charges made against him. This was absurd, but the anti-Dreyfusard papers treated it as a new sensation and as a warning to soft-hearted public officials who would issue pardons. They placed special significance in Zola's refusal to discuss the statement of M. le Roux, but Zola was refusing to see all journalists then. He did not have to deny the confession story, for it was obviously false. "I am no longer interested in the Dreyfus Affair," was Zola's only comment; and by that he meant that he had returned to his books. He also might have said he was not interested in Dreyfus the man, for how could he be? They had nothing in common except the affair and that was no longer the great fight.

Labori continued to voice publicly his resentment of Dreyfus's acceptance of a pardon. He wrote in the *Grande Revue* that in supporting Dreyfus in this action and in accepting amnesty Dreyfus's friends had removed the question from a high moral plane to one of pure personality and the case had ceased to be human and universal. Reinach and Lazare replied, the latter in bitter words, implying that the real cause of the breach was not known to the public. "It is unnecessary for me to help you in throwing down your own statue," wrote Lazare. "You appear quite able to do the work yourself."

"A fine display of dirty Dreyfusard linen," the anti-Dreyfusard press exclaimed gleefully, and urged Labori

to reveal all; to tell the country the true story, presumably that Dreyfus was the traitor. But Labori turned on them at that, reiterating he never had doubted Dreyfus's innocence.

Here, then, were men, who had worked shoulder to shoulder for years, risking lives and careers to save one man; now that he was saved they must fight each other over the manner of his saving.

Dreyfus must have known that it was his own personality that was partly to blame for those estrangements, those bitter quarrels. He must have known because he admitted to a friend, during that trying period, "I was wrong, but I did not realize it until too late. I never cared for society; I sought no friends. . . ."

There was the key to the whole tragedy. Seven years after the first terrible blow he had discovered the key. And it was too late.

V

The affair would not be submerged. In September, 1902, Zola died, asphyxiated in his own home by coal gas. The anti-Dreyfusard press immediately said he had committed suicide. Suicide because of remorse for what he had done! It was not suicide; it was carelessness, or rather, the tragic result of habit, for Zola and his wife slept with the windows closed.

Zola was dead and Mme. Zola was reported dying. So

Paris mourned and Paris rioted according to its viewpoint. A hero was dead; a villain was dead.

Dreyfus came to mourn at the bier. He came several nights, after Mme. Zola was out of danger, and he said the night before the funeral that he must attend. But Mme. Zola said that could not be; ah, yes, he might walk through the streets unrecognized, but at the burial of Zola he could not escape so easily; there would be rioting, perhaps even bloodshed.

"I must go," protested Dreyfus. "They must not think me afraid. And I owe my life to him."

He had his way. He attended the funeral on October 5 and Lucie and Mathieu were there with him. And Reinach and Picquart and Labori, united that day in tribute to him who wrote "*J'accuse.*"

There was violence, not so much because Zola was being buried nor because Dreyfus was facing the world again at a public event. There was violence because for years there had been violence wherever those two were. It was habit.

A mob and the police came together and there was tumult, but the mob withdrew quickly, satisfied with its gesture.

It would have been a pity to have buried Zola quietly.

VII

VINDICATION

FOR months the Dreyfusards had been working quietly but steadily for a revision of the Rennes verdict; and it was Lucie who finally crowned their efforts with success. Her persistent solicitations led the new Minister of War, General Andre, to make a careful investigation of all documents in the case. General Andre was impressed; he forwarded the documents and his favorable recommendation to Minister of Justice Valle.

Valle, too, was impressed and in November, 1903, he instructed a commission to decide whether steps for revision should be taken.

One month later, the commission ruled in favor of revision and the affair once more was brought into the Criminal Branch of the Court of Cassation. But two and a half years passed before Dreyfus went again to court to seek vindication.

The revision proceedings opened in the summer of 1906. The Palace of Justice was crowded to suffocation with foes and friends and through it all Dreyfus was as a man of marble. This was not a trial, so he did not attend each day, but the strain of this last stand for honor told

on his health. Lucie came several times and because she and her husband did not fall into each other's arms at each meeting in court the anti-Dreyfusards sent up a shout that even his wife was deserting the traitor. This cruel intimation went all over the world. "Capt. Dreyfus and Wife Estranged?" was the typical headline over gossipy paragraphs.

The man who could not make friends was paying again because he was aloof in public, because he would not be romantic in a courtroom where his fate hung in the balance!

Echoes of the court-martial of 1894, of the Rennes trial, the Zola trial, the Esterhazy trial were heard throughout the hearing. The *bordereau* . . . Henry's forgeries . . . the false confession . . . Esterhazy . . . all the evidence that had accumulated down through the years was studied again, but studied by judges who were not under the army's thumb.

There was new evidence, however, and it concerned the famous *ce canaille de D*—— note. Dreyfus charged that originally the initial in the note was P, not D, and to substantiate this claim he had the testimony of M. Gribelin, keeper of the War Office's archives. Gribelin, long a foe of Dreyfus, admitted that the original copy of the note, which he made, contained the initial P. Some one then—and there were many in the army's band of forgers equal to the task—had changed the P to a D.

There was something to add to Henry's forgeries,

something to brand forever the military clique for what it had been.

There was something more, too.

That shifty-eyed witness who gave such damaging testimony at the Rennes trial, that Cernuschi who said a German agent had informed him Dreyfus was in Germany's pay, was exposed.

It was shown that he had told only half the truth when he said he was in the Austrian Army; he was, but he was cashiered. More, he had been in an asylum at Zurich, he had been an expert swindler, he had abandoned his wife and children.

And he had been paid 25,000 francs to tell his lies at Rennes! Twenty-five thousand francs in his pocket and Cernuschi was willing to swear away a life. Cernuschi, the star witness!

Dreyfus did not ask for revenge. He asked only for his honor, refusing to take advantage of the law that provided damages for a victim of a judicial mistake, refusing to take any steps against the men who had willingly sacrificed him that the army might be saved. Despite the arguments of his lawyer he would not do otherwise. "I struggled against my client's will," Maître Mornard told the court in his closing address, "but I was compelled to yield before the unwavering will of Captain Dreyfus as a soldier." It was Maître Mornard, not Maître Labori, who argued that day. Labori was there, eager for Dreyfus's vindication, but the breach was not healed.

And when Mornard, with eloquent oratory, spoke of Dreyfus's "big heart and noble character" and turned to Labori as though for corroboration, the blond giant rose and walked stiffly from the courtroom, to the delight of the anti-Dreyfusards.

Mornard, hurt, chagrined, concluded briefly: "Captain Dreyfus is ready to bear alone the misery and torture of Devil's Island if his country will give him back one thing— his honor. We renounce, then, all damages, all criminal prosecution, asking you simply to quash the conviction without retrial, and ask you to grant this on behalf of the honor of the French Army and the public conscience of France."

The Procureur General also asked that the Rennes verdict be quashed without retrial. "The peace of the country demands it," he said. "And the whole world awaits the court's decision, which will be a triumph for justice and truth."

Acquittal without a new trial, or a third trial, and all the agony it would mean? Only Dreyfus appeared unconcerned as he stalked from the room. Unconcerned? Only Dreyfus, and Lucie waiting at home, knew that he had hardly touched food for a fortnight.

II

The day of the decision is here. Great crouds stream through the corridors of the Palace of Justice and into

the courtroom. Great crowds stand outside in the street. And everywhere there is a babel of voices.

The important ones arrive. Here is Maître Mornard, striving to be gay. "There can be but one verdict," he says. "We shall win." But he is panting and his lips are dry. Here is Reinach; ah, there is a man! The Laboris and the Picquarts may draw away, but Reinach always remains. He looks weary; the years of strain are beginning to tell.

And here is Picquart. Is he not magnificent? What if he has had a quarrel with Dreyfus? He still stands for justice. Handsome—oh, he is handsome; the "divine Picquart"! Not "Our Marie" any longer, to the Dreyfusards, but he is divine for all of that. Long live Picquart!

And who is this? Ah, Mme. Zola. Zola cannot come, for he lies in his grave, but his wife is here to carry on for him. They say she nearly died with him that night! Imagine, they had all the windows closed! Zola would like to be here today, or maybe he would not, for who knows what the verdict will be?

A closed carriage proceeds slowly through the throng. Through a window may be seen four persons, a woman in black, her face closely veiled; two young people; a dignified man with a tragic face. The crowd recognizes the woman. It is she! It is Mme. Dreyfus!

Lucie steps out. After her come Pierre and Jeanne. Pierre has become quite a young man, tall and slender, and he has a tiny moustache and cannot keep his fingers

from it. Jeanne is different, too; no longer the baby, but a beautiful, graceful girl in her 'teens. With them is Mathieu, silent, masterful, his heart full of hope, but the agony of suspense written in deep lines on his face.

They push through the crowd that surges after them, into the Palace of Justice and to the courtroom. There they find seats and friends. The children sit together, holding hands. Mathieu and Lucie are together, rigid, waiting; they have waited so many times before.

Buzz. Buzz. Buzz. Everywhere there is talk. "Silence! Silence!" cry the gendarmes. How many times they have heard that cry, too, but as usual no one heeds it! Buzz. Buzz. Why doesn't she lift her veil? She probably is weeping, that is why. No, she always wears it; aloof like all the Dreyfuses. Buzz. Buzz.

Ah, the justices are entering. "Silence! Silence!" the gendarmes roar desperately, and this time there is silence, an awed silence as forty-nine judges, clad in flowing cardinal robes, file into the courtroom. The spectators draw in their breaths. Is this not magnificent? Where, in all the world, could you see forty-nine judges in cardinal robes? It is indeed good to live in France.

One of the justices rises, the decision in his hands. This is M. Ballot-Beaupré, president of the Court. Every one leans forward; ears are cupped in trembling hands.

The president begins.

What is that? The letter D was substituted for the letter P? Ah, that is good. He is referring to the *ce*

canaille de D—— note. Dreyfus has proved his newest evidence, then. "The Rennes court-martial failed to hear essential testimony calculated to establish the innocence of the accused. . . ." Good. Another point. They will give him another trial, at least.

The *bordereau*. Yes, yes, we know all about it, but what does the court think? Will the president never get to the point. Wait, now he is coming to it . . . "the *bordereau* was written by Major Esterhazy . . . and the accusations connecting Dreyfus with the *bordereau* rest only on hypothesis and conjecture. . . ." There, Generals and handwriting experts, what do you think of that?

The president pauses. Now for the decision. But no. "These facts," he reads, "without seeking for any further grounds, are of a nature to establish the innocence of the accused. Therefore, it is only necessary to examine whether the verdict of the Rennes court-martial shall be annulled without a retrial or be followed by another trial by a court-martial."

Yes, yes; that is what we all want to know.

"The accusation against Dreyfus, whether based on the handwriting or the text of the *bordereau,* was wholly unjustifiable and without a motive. Moreover, Dreyfus, having a large fortune, one seeks in vain for any reason for his committing such a great crime."

Another pause. Lucie clutches Mathieu's arm; Jeanne presses close to her brother. All eyes are fixed on the president, in his vivid robe, as he reaches the last page.

He cannot resist the drama of this moment; he must pause.

And then, in one sentence, he reveals what all France, all the world, is waiting to hear:

"The court therefore holds that as all the accusations against the accused fall to the ground, there is no necessity for a new trial and consequently the judgment of condemnation is annulled as unwarranted by the evidence."

Dreyfus is vindicated! His honor is restored! In a moment the spectators are on their feet and their cheers ring out in mad confusion. The words fly from lip to lip, out into the corridors and into the streets, along the boulevards, into the cafés, and Paris, which for twelve years has wept and laughed over one man, taunted and cursed him, now unites in a frenzied acclaim of this same man. Twelve years ago they toasted the Generals who brought about his downfall and today they toast him who has brought about the downfall of the Generals. Twelve years ago they paraded the streets, clamoring for his death, and today they parade, demanding the Legion of Honor for him.

Mad Paris, the city of injustice and racial hatred. Mad Paris, the city of justice and tolerance. Mad when it is wrong; mad when it admits it has been wrong. Mad, mad—and glorious.

* * *

And now the spectators press close to Lucie, who has thrown herself into Mme. Zola's arms and is sobbing,

sobbing for the first time in twelve years because of gladness. Pierre stands near by, his eyes wet, tugging nervously at his moustache and striving to bear up. He does well until Jeanne, tears of happiness streaming down her face, flings her arms around his neck and clings to him. Then he, too, gives way.

Mathieu has gone, speeding to the house in the suburbs where Dreyfus is waiting. Joyfully he cries out the verdict; he does not know whether to laugh or cry. Dreyfus listens in a daze, then slowly he rises to his feet, places his hands on Mathieu's shoulders and kisses his cheeks.

"My brother," he says, "my brother . . ."

His face is more melancholy than gay; years of steeling himself to shock have made a machine of him, yet, calm and collected though he is in this moment all the world is celebrating, his thoughts are ever the same. "Lucie?" he whispers. "She is coming?"

"Yes, yes!" cries Mathieu, "Lucie is coming; Pierre and Jeanne; all the family . . . every one. . . ." He rushes to the door where the correspondents are collected. "We shall celebrate tonight," he says boisterously. "Twenty-four persons will be here, family and friends. . . . My brother will wear his uniform . . . he will preside at the table . . . ah, gentlemen, gentlemen!" He can say no more and stumbles back into the house.

Dreyfus sinks slowly into his chair. His day is here. After twelve years his day is here. But has it come too

late? Have torture and hatred forever made him barren of both joy and grief? But no; he sits there, waiting, while dusk settles over the quiet suburb. "Lucie . . . Lucie . . ."

III

"Captain of Artillery Alfred Dreyfus, according to the law of 1880, amended in 1890, is hereby promoted to be Major, taking that rank on the day of the promulgation of the present law."

The Chamber of Deputies, by a vote of four hundred seventy-three to forty-two, passed the act of rehabilitation the day following the verdict. Only forty-two men opposed this official act of justice, but those forty-two, fighting to the very last, caused an uproar that was remembered for years. During the debate the Under Secretary of State, Sarraut, leaped to his feet and struck M. Pugliesi-Conti a staggering blow in the face while the Deputy was denouncing the Government for its determination to reinstate Dreyfus in the army.

The Chamber was thrown into an uproar. Deputy fought Deputy and above the tumult could be heard the roaring voice of old General Mercier, defiantly crying out that Dreyfus was a traitor and that the army had been insulted.

And that night, a duel. Sarraut and Pugliesi-Conti facing each other with swords. Clemenceau, now Minister of the Interior, standing behind Sarraut, one of his

seconds. It was over quickly as the Deputy's blade pierced Sarraut's right breast, inflicting a severe wound. Mad Paris again.

But the greater part of Paris was at peace and was toasting not only Dreyfus, but Picquart as well, who was made a Brigadier General by another act passed the same hectic day. Everywhere there were demands for new honors for Dreyfus. France should decorate him. France should erect a statue of him. Let the Ministers and Deputies fight their duels. Let old Mercier and the other Generals rave. The people of France had spoken and as they spoke so acted their rulers. In 1894 they had cried, "Down with the traitor!" and in 1906 they cried, "*Vive Dreyfus!*"

IV

The École Militaire again and the parade ground—the same parade ground on which he had stood that wintry day twelve years before while his sword was broken and his buttons and braid were torn from his Captain's uniform. On that same parade ground, splashed with sun, *Major* Dreyfus, in a new uniform, with a new sword at his side, stood once more—nine days after his vindication —to be honored by the army that had degraded him.

Once more the drums rolled and the shrill, clear notes of the trumpets told the eager throngs outside the gates that another great event was to take place. They had drummed and trumpeted triumphantly in 1894, for a

traitor had been disgraced, but the triumph they blared forth in 1906 was not for Dreyfus alone; it was for the new France that did not wait for another generation to right its terrible wrong.

The troops marched forth, dazzling in the sunlight; two batteries of the Thirteenth Artillery, with Colonel Targe (he exposed Cernuschi and he is a Colonel now) at their head. Proudly they marched, around and around until the parade ground was completely encircled by vivid uniforms. So had they marched in 1894, but now not one face was averted from a shameful spectacle, not one soldier—blushing cadet or bearded General—showed the hatred that had swept the nation twelve years ago. There were Generals, of course, who hated yet, but they were not there; they were consoling each other with dire predictions concerning this new France.

The public, with a few exceptions, was not admitted, but Pierre was there. Anatole France was there. And Picquart, Brigadier General Picquart. Lucie was there, too, but waiting in the officers' quarters, and not waiting with that awful fear of 1894 and a verdict too terrible for Demange to bring.

The trumpets and drums sounded. General Gillian, Commander of the First Division of the Cavalry, marched across the field with his brother officers. At the head of the two batteries stood Dreyfus and Colonel Targe, also to be honored.

Stiff, formal salutes; General Gillian wheeled and

Rehabilitation of Dreyfus on the spot where he was degraded.

strode to the centre of the troops, Dreyfus and Targe following. Targe was first; he was decorated as a Commander; then Dreyfus stepped forward.

The applause for Targe died and an awed silence settled over the parade ground where so many had walked to doom or honor. The sun flooded the scene with all its splendor and even the clouds, puffy and white, seemed to pause for that breathless moment. Dreyfus, pale, in an agony of suspense, stood stiffly, his arms at his sides, recalling, perhaps, the last time he stood on this very spot and heard General Darras say, "Dreyfus, you are unworthy to bear arms. . . ." But General Gillian, not Darras, stood in front of him now and in the hush of expectation the General's words carried clearly across the field:

"In the name of the President of the Republic and by virtue of the powers entrusted to me, Major Dreyfus, I hereby name you Chevalier of the National Order of the Legion of Honor."

The General stepped forward and gave Dreyfus the military accolade. The silence was broken; the spectators cheered wildly, then the drums and trumpets sounded and the troops defiled, saluting as they passed Dreyfus, who stood on General Gillian's right, the post of honor.

The post of honor for him who had been led away a prisoner, without his sword, with his uniform torn and braidless!

As the last soldier marched by, the trumpets sounded

four calls. The ceremony was over. Immediately Dreyfus was surrounded by fellow officers, by civilians who had come to see him honored. They formed a ring around him, but through this ring hurtled one who could be a calm soldier no longer. He was a little boy again, was Pierre, as he threw his arms around his father's neck. And there was no one there who thought him weak because he sobbed without restraint.

Dreyfus folded him in his arms. The father, too, could have sobbed then, but although his face twitched and his eyes filled with tears, he retained his composure. He turned to Anatole France, one of the first to congratulate him, and said: "I thank you more than I can say—you who have always struggled for my cause."

Anatole France replied:

"We merit no thanks, for what has been done was in the interest of right and justice." And then, thinking of Zola, of Scheurer-Kestner and others, he added: "We felicitate you all the more since so many others who have struggled for justice have died before it was attained."

And now Colonel Targe was at Dreyfus's side. "Come," he said, and led him across the parade ground and to the officers' quarters where Lucie waited. She waited alone, for all the officers had withdrawn. Colonel Targe opened the door, bowed to Lucie and stepped back while Dreyfus passed. Then the Colonel bowed himself out and stood guard at that door, barring even Pierre for a few precious minutes.

From the parade ground and from the street rose the cries of the new France:

"*Vive Dreyfus!*"

"*Vive le Republique!*"

Hoarse voices were bellowing, shrill voices were shrieking, yet they were as music to Lucie, held tightly in her husband's arms, whispering, "My dear one; oh, my dear one."

VIII

MAN FORGOTTEN

THAT summer's day should have seen the end of the Dreyfus Affair, but it did not. Two years later, on just such a sun-drenched day, the 5th of June, 1908, Alfred Dreyfus came closer to death, because he was Alfred Dreyfus, than at any time during the years of torment on Devil's Island.

On that day the ashes of Zola were removed to the Pantheon, where lie France's great men. Thousands upon thousands of people were there to participate in this last act of justice. There were thirty thousand troops; thirty thousand troops to honor the memory of him who defied the army! President Fallieres was there, and the Premier and the Minister of War—Premier Clemenceau and Minister of War Picquart. So had risen the men who had fought the great fight.

The ceremonies were over and the President and his aides had stepped outside the rotunda to the portico to review the troops. In the front ranks, close to the President, stood Dreyfus, Lucie, Mathieu and Pierre. Near by were Clemenceau and Mme. Zola.

An agitated little man, in a long frock coat, pushed

through the throng. No one paid the slightest attention to him, for who was not struggling to get a better view of the military spectacle? The little man fought his way forward; he was very determined; nothing, it seemed, would satisfy him—he must be directly behind the President's party.

No one saw him pause finally and push his right hand into the pocket of his threadbare coat. No one saw the hand come out, a trembling hand that clutched a tiny pistol. No one saw him aim.

But every one heard the two faint shots and every one in the vicinity saw the spurting blue flame. The little man turned to flee, but in an instant he was down and boots, canes and fists were slashing at his frail body. "Assassin! Assassin!" roared the crowd and the cry was taken up by thousands of throats. The marching troops stopped, aghast; women fainted; Cabinet Ministers and storekeepers fought to reach the little man, now shielding his face with his arms and pleading for mercy.

"Is it the President? Is it the Premier?" For a moment the fury of the mob was suppressed. Who *was* killed? They had not stopped to learn that. Was it the President? Was it the Premier?

But, no. Dreyfus himself answered. He raised his right arm aloft and blood was dripping from it; red drops fell on his pale face. "It is Dreyfus! It is Dreyfus!" The word spread swiftly; anxious friends rushed to the wounded man, but Lucie and Pierre were there ahead

of them. Mathieu was in the thick of the mob which was bent on stamping the life from the would-be assassin. But Mathieu, as enraged as any of the others, saved the little man's life that day, kept the crowd back until the police arrived.

He was very glad to see the police, that little man. His name was Louis Gregori and he was over sixty; a writer for the military journals and his god was the army. "I attacked not Dreyfus personally, but Dreyfusism," he squeaked when he was safe in a cell. "Zola insulted the army and today the army must honor Zola." And weakly, "Is he dead?"

Dreyfus was not dead; the trembling of the little man's hand had saved him. He was taken to the Mayor's office, physicians were called and it was found that one bullet had struck him and that had caused only a flesh wound.

"It is nothing," said Dreyfus; he smiled. "But fate does treat me badly."

Lucie said calmly to friends waiting outside the office, "He has been through worse than this."

They were startled by an unearthly sound. Pierre, standing behind his mother, had heard her and he was laughing, a terrible, hysterical laughter.

* * *

Dreyfus recovered quickly. Within three months the pathetic Gregori was placed on trial. A feeble effort was made to bring up the entire affair again, but it was

promptly squelched. Dreyfus sat again in a courtroom—was his life to be only a series of trials?—but took little interest in the proceedings. Even when du Paty de Clam paused beside him and the spectators waited expectantly for a blow to be struck, Dreyfus was unmoved. Du Paty shrugged his shoulders contemptuously and passed on; that gesture was all that was left to him; no one would listen to him.

Gregori was acquitted. He was free to attempt another assassination, even though he confessed in court, but there were few who found fault with the verdict. The little man's brain was twisted; dangerous he might be if permitted to roam at large, self-appointed avenger of his beloved army, but it would have been more dangerous for France had he been sent to prison. France wanted no more martyrs.

II

Peaceful years then, with only an occasional outburst from the anti-Dreyfusards who would not give up. Dreyfus retired from the army in 1907, but, although he retired as a Major, he received only 2,350 francs a year, a Captain's pension, because he had not served two years in his higher rank.

"It is unlikely that he will ever enter military service again," the newspapers said.

Peaceful years until the world went mad again in 1914.

Picquart was dead then and so were many of the old Generals who died maintaining Dreyfus had sold France to the Germans. But this "traitor," this man who never would enter military service again, was among the first to offer himself when the gray hordes swept into his country.

He was accepted. He was made a Lieutenant Colonel in command of a battery of artillery that was active in the defense of Paris and later he was sent to the front. Pierre was in the thick of it, too; he began as a private and rose rapidly to a captaincy. France called and the Dreyfuses and the Dreyfusards responded. Mathieu's son responded, was awarded the *Croix de Guerre* for bravery and died in No Man's Land in 1915. Reinach's son responded—and never returned. That brought grief also to the Dreyfus family, for Reinach's son was Mathieu's son-in-law.

The irony of it! The Generals who fought so hard to save France from the traitor would have turned in their graves had they known that Dreyfus, his family, his friends were fighting to save France from the invaders with whom they accused him of being in league.

Ironic, too, that the man who had been hated almost to death, who must have longed for death many times, came safely through the war. Thousands slept beneath rude white crosses, thousands lay piled on the battlefields, and thousands came home without legs, without arms, without eyes; shell-shocked, gassed, diseased. But Drey-

fus and his son came home unscathed to Lucie, who had waited weary years before and was waiting then.

There was another who did not return. Von Schwarzkoppen, the German Military Attaché, who was made a General during the World War, died of wounds in 1917 in Elizabeth's Hospital, Berlin.

But before he died, while he was haunted not by the horrors of war, but by the tragedy of nearly a quarter of a century before, he cried out to his wife, seated at his bedside:

"Alfred Dreyfus is innocent! It has all been intrigue and falsifications . . . Dreyfus is innocent!" [1]

Two days later he was dead.

III

On May 21, 1923, a dirty old man was found dead in a lodging house in Harpenden, a village near St. Albans, in Hertfordshire, England. He died alone without even a "pub" acquaintance to watch him go. And in the "pubs" that day when the word spread that Count de Voilement was dead the dissolute ones who had known him shrugged their shoulders and said, "No one will miss him."

[1] Von Schwarzkoppen was reported to have left a memorandum on the Dreyfus Affair and recently a series of articles purporting to be based on this memorandum was published in American newspapers. The articles told in detail of Esterhazy's dealings with Von Schwarzkoppen and pictured the traitor as pleading with the German attaché to use him so that he might have a few extra francs.

No one did; and only a few went to the local churchyard to see Count de Voilement lowered into his grave.

There he lay all summer in his unmarked, undecorated grave. Not until August did the press learn that Count de Voilement, the ragged outcast of Harpenden, was Esterhazy, the traitor.

* * *

Was Esterhazy the real traitor? The French courts finally held he was, but even then many did not believe him guilty. It was only recently that what appears to be the final link in the chain of evidence against him was found in the military archives in Berlin.[1]

This evidence revealed that Von Schwarzkoppen, knowing Dreyfus was innocent, knowing Esterhazy was guilty, desired to speak out after the first court-martial, but was commanded to silence by Prince Von Bülow, the German Foreign Minister.

Yet at the close of the Rennes trial, Von Schwarz-

[1] New light on the Dreyfus Affair was shed by Bruno Weil, a Berlin lawyer, following an examination of papers in the German Foreign Office and in the archives of the Munster family.

The Munster documents, according to Weil, showed a record of a conversation between Count Munster, German Ambassador to Paris at the time of the affair, and Von Schwarzkoppen, in which the latter admitted that although he desired to save Dreyfus and also Picquart, Von Bülow forbade him to reveal the fact that he had had dealings with Esterhazy. Weil also said a secret paper in the German Foreign Office showed that Germany desired to keep France in an uproar over the affair. He said the paper read: "France would at once recover liberal and Jewish sympathies by a swift and striking restitution of Dreyfus. It will be best if the affair continues to ulcerate and disorganize the army and to scandalize Europe." Here is evidence that the Henrys, the du Paty de Clams and the Merciers existed not in France alone.

koppen was authorized by his government to make a deposition, and in a few words he could have brought vindication to Dreyfus seven years before it did come. Colonel Jouaust's refusal to permit the deposition to be taken added those seven years to Dreyfus's martyrdom. But why did Schwarzkoppen wait until death was near before he broke his silence?

IV

Esterhazy has been dead for years. Most of the important figures in the affair are dead, Clemenceau the last to go. The faithful three, Dreyfus, Lucie and Mathieu, remain.

In the winter they live in seclusion in Paris; in the summer they may be found in the country or in Switzerland. They have few friends; they live for each other and, although the bond that ties them is the bond of years of suffering, they rarely speak of the tragedy that blighted their lives and the lives of many others. Only once in recent years Dreyfus played the rôle of the Dreyfus of the affair. In 1927 he spoke a few words to America, to plead, as many Americans had pleaded for him, for justice. Because of the frightful error made in his case and the bitterness and hatred that followed that error he asked the State of Massachusetts to consider carefully whether bitterness and hatred were not rushing it to a ghastly error also.

And he offered to come to America to join the ranks of those who were working to save the lives of Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti in the belief that possibly the two anarchists were being condemned to die because of their doctrines. Dreyfus had no sympathy for those doctrines; they were against everything for which he stood, yet he proffered his aid. He had been born a Jew, and he knew that if there were men who would condemn because of race there were men who would condemn because of creed.

But he did not come and on a sultry August night Sacco and Vanzetti walked to their deaths. Part of the world protested for a time, then lapsed into silence.

In silence also, Dreyfus lives today. He is a slight, small man, stooped, white haired, but although he has passed into his seventies, his blue Alsatian eyes are as clear as ever; they have been vitrified in tears. He no longer wears a uniform, for he is a retired Lieutenant Colonel, but his military carriage is there despite the stoop. His right arm he carries stiffly and he will carry it so to his grave. It is reminder of little Gregori's bullet.

He welcomes the obscurity that is his. He walks the boulevards of Paris unnoticed, unrecognized. Only a few know where he lives; it is a fact that when the name of Dreyfus is mentioned most of Paris says, "Dreyfus? Oh, yes, Dreyfus is dead."

He visits the libraries and the galleries. He reads that his tragedy has not ended the world's injustice. He reads

that his suffering from racial prejudice has not ended racial prejudice. But he is calm with the calmness that comes only with time and sorrow.

Has he forgiven those who wronged him? There is no one left to forgive. Is he haunted by the horrors of his years in exile? At night in his dreams; and then Lucie is there. Lucie is always there; when he leaves in the morning to wander through Paris; when he returns, a tired old man. Yet those sickening dreams are proof that although the tragedy is rarely mentioned, although time has eased the pain, time can never obliterate those terrible memories.

But the world does not remember and it passes him by. It passes him by on the boulevards where mobs once fought at the mere mention of his name and it passes him by in his home where he, a man forgotten, drifts into the evening of his life and cannot forget.

THE END

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